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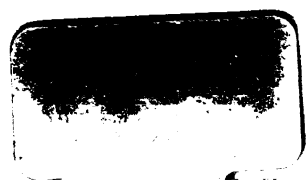
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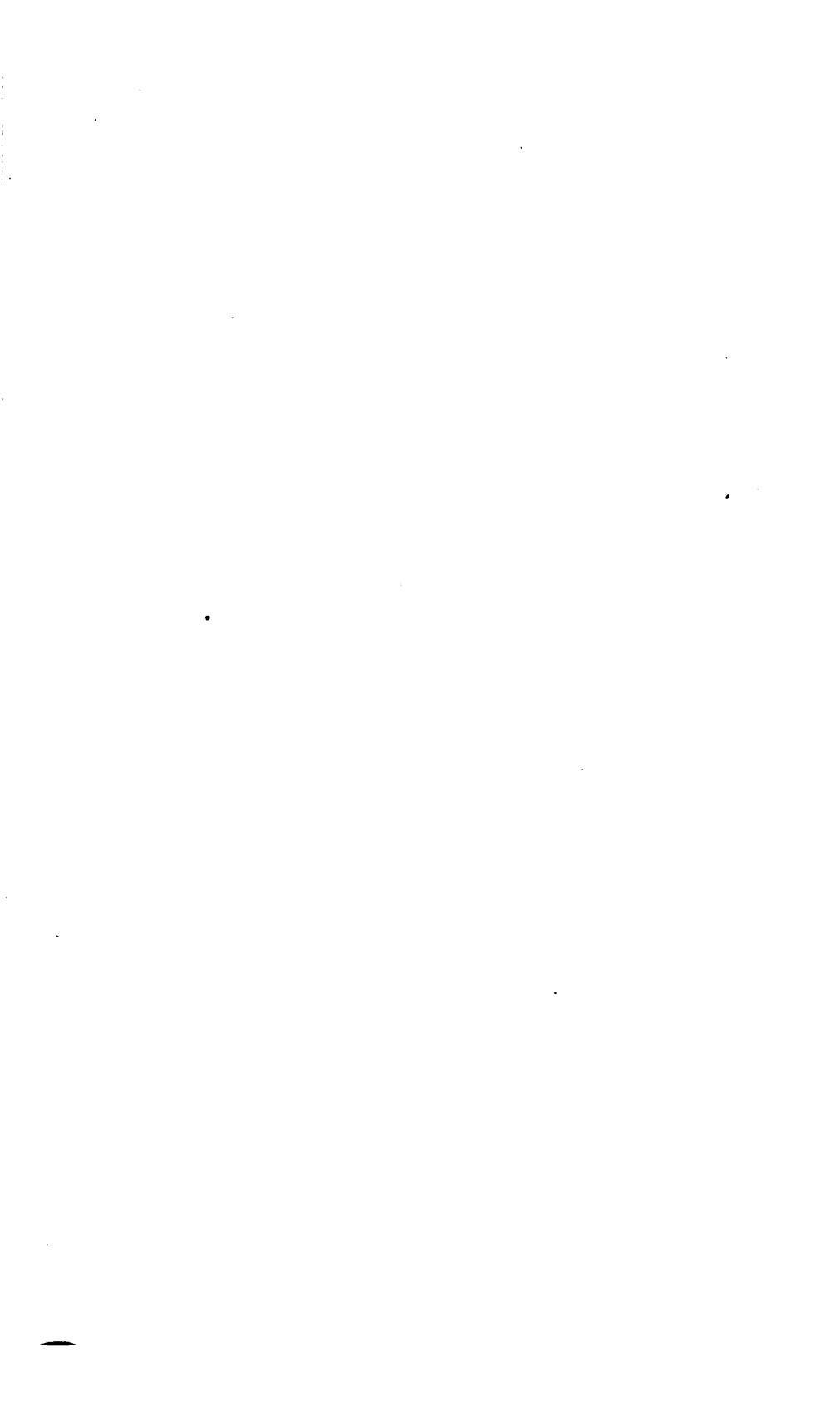
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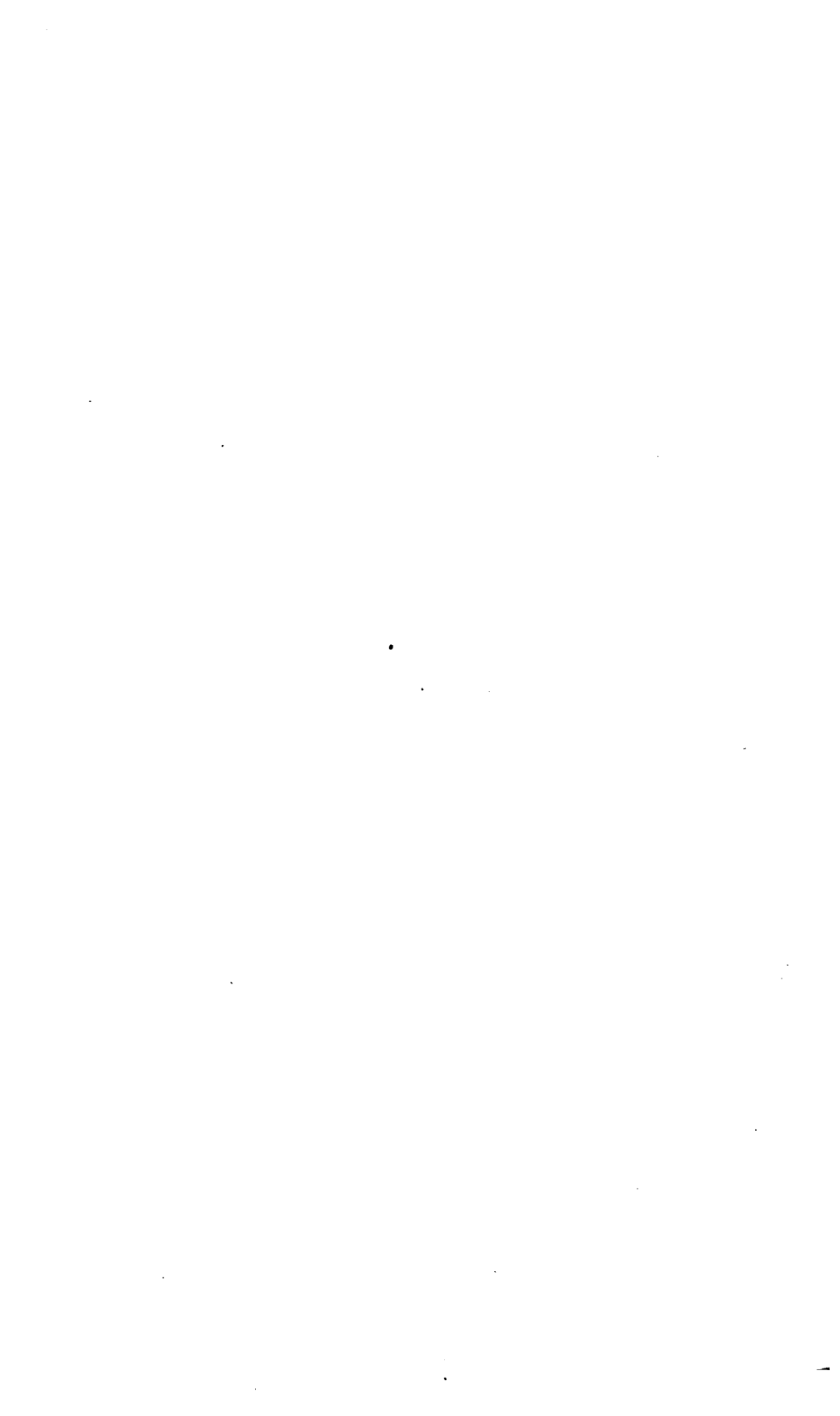
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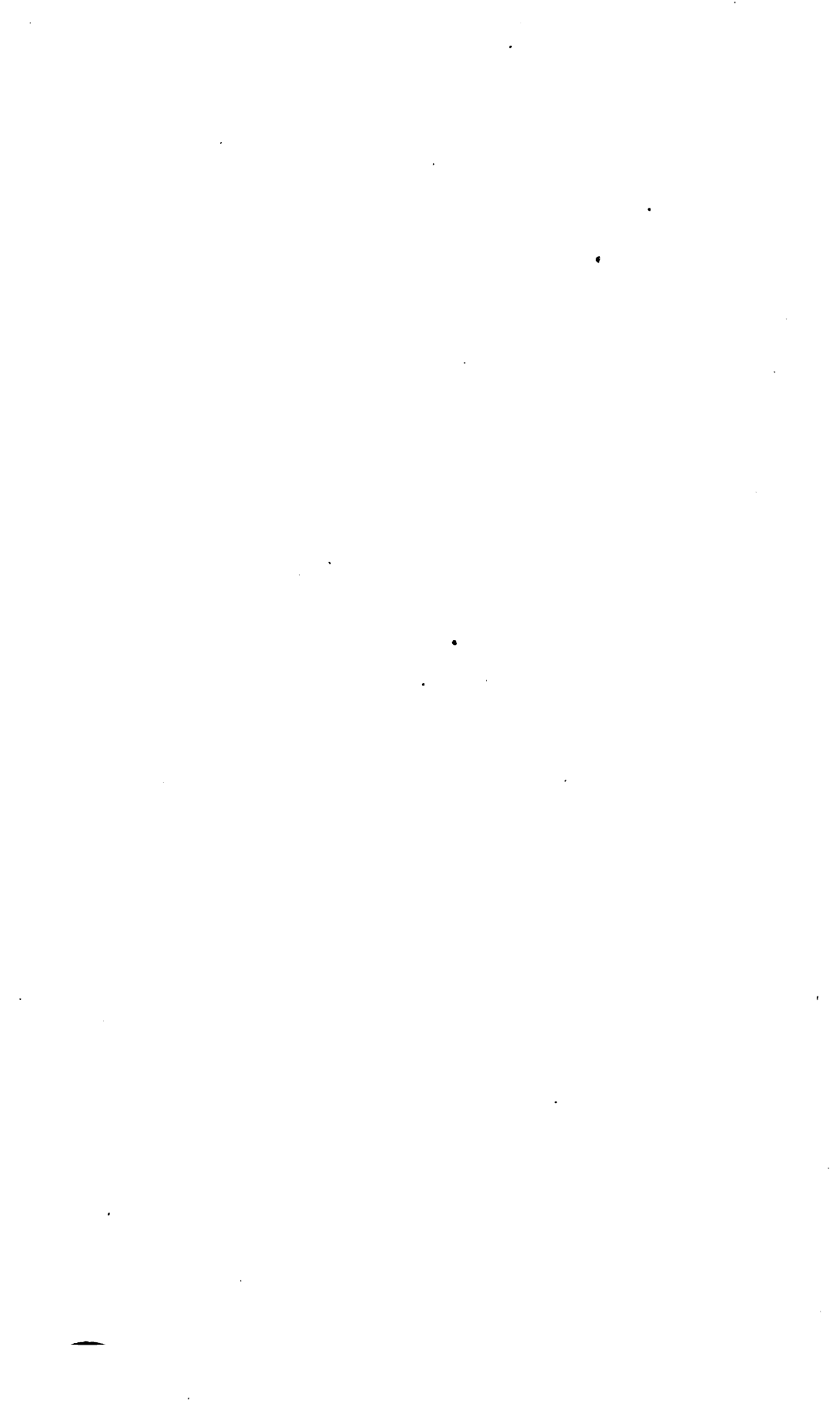
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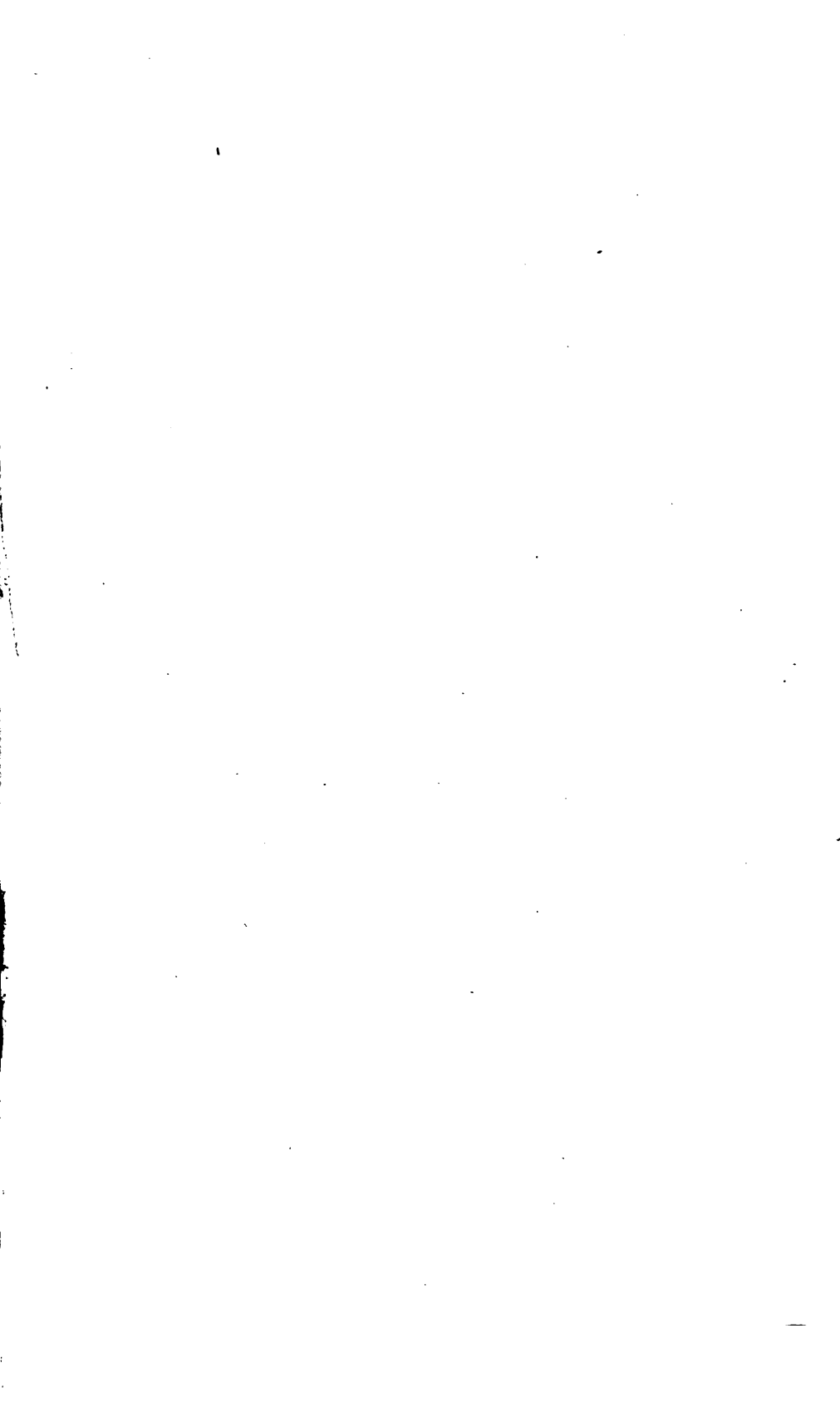
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Edmund J. Gerry.

THE
STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

EDWIN J. GERRY.

1820-1885.

A Memoir

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

S. FANNIE GERRY WILDER.

"I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep my honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler."

—KING HENRY VIII.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
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1887.

H.B.

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1887,
S. FANNIE GERRY WILDER.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

“Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

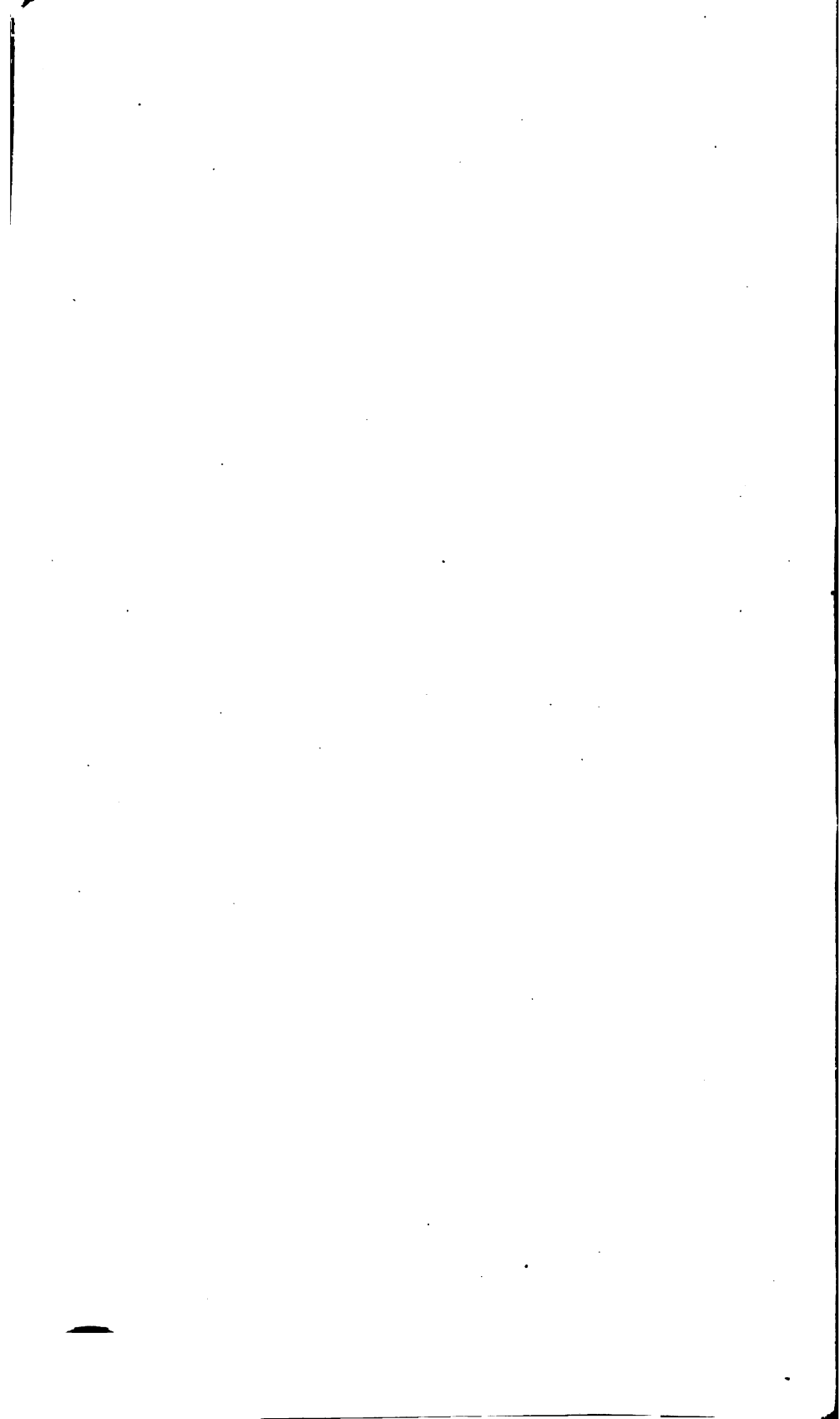
LONGFELLOW.

To
THE BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES,
AND THE
HANOVER STREET CHAPEL,
WHOSE MINISTER HE WAS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
ALSO TO
ALL THOSE FRIENDS WHO GAVE HIM A HELPING HAND
IN HIS LIFE WORK,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

S. F. G. W.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is a pleasure to be allowed to take part in this memorial to a good man's life and Christian service. No minister in Boston could fail to know and value the self-denying labors of Rev. Edwin J. Gerry in the Hanover Street Chapel; but it fell to the lot of the writer to come in special relations with him and his work, from being officially connected with the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches as its President for a number of years.

The closer one approached Mr. Gerry in his work, the more must the observer have been impressed with the special qualifications of the laborer for his arduous and delicate task. Mr. Gerry's singular modesty, amounting almost to self-depreciation, prevented him from making a noisy claim for himself for recognition, such as often for a time deceives those to whom it appeals, and succeeds in making a brazen blast of self-laudation. But to know him truly, it was necessary to know him well. His tact in dealing with the poor, the overflowing kindness of his large, warm heart, always controlled by a singularly balanced judgment and great common sense, his tireless willingness to labor all day long in summer's

heat or winter's cold, in the narrow streets and alleys of the North End, his devotion to his Chapel work, his personal care for every one needing comfort or aid in his scattered and poverty-stricken diocese; all these were qualities made to wear, and they lasted fresh and strong through twenty-five years of unremitting service. He fulfilled, as nearly perhaps as any one in Boston has done, the ideal of the ministry at large, as originated by its great founder, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman.

In the remarkable awakening of philanthropic activity and religious charity which came to the Unitarian churches of Boston about sixty years ago, many of the best and noblest charities of our good city came into being. It is a wonderful thing to look back and think how, in that small community, there were men capable of conceiving and putting into execution, ideas of education, of reform, and of charity, in which they were the pioneers of the rest of the civilized world. But no more remarkable step of this kind was taken than that of the man who is justly called the "father of the ministry at large." Somewhat before his time indeed, a little beginning had been made in holding religious services for the poor at the North End, an idea which ripened into the Chapel of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. But Tuckerman introduced the characteristic feature of personal visitation by a minister who should make himself a friend of the friendless, "remembering the forgotten," to use the words inscribed on the monument of John Howard in St. Paul's Cathedral.

This noble thought speedily bore fruit. The Unitarian churches of Boston associated themselves together in the Benevolent Fraternity, which has now been in existence fifty-three years, and supports at the present

time, five chapels, with ministers and assistants, men and women, who carry on the double, yet blended, work of religious services in suitable churches, and of the personal relation to many families in their homes, outside of those who are able to attend the public services of worship in the chapels.

The North End has always been the most difficult of the spheres in which these devoted laborers were engaged, and during Mr. Gerry's twenty-five years of service it was continually becoming more difficult. The oldest settled part of the city, it was, at the beginning of this century, the wealthiest and most aristocratic, but has come to be very largely the abode of the poor, especially of the foreign poor. The greater portion of those needing help are not Protestants, and while ready to receive any amount of material comforts at the hand of one of our ministers, are entirely out of spiritual relations with him. In such a field it is impossible for the most eloquent preacher to gather a large congregation, or to win the usual signs of visible success; but all the more clear to a discerning eye should be the signs of the true harvest, which a faithful man like Mr. Gerry, did not fail to win.

In the frank discussions of the Fraternity of Churches, some of the delegates might be led to draw comparisons with the labors of others in more conspicuous fields, which were very natural from their mode of inspecting the work, which consists almost entirely of visits to the chapels in their Sunday services. But the better knowledge coming from such discussion always resulted in bringing the true strength of Mr. Gerry's work clearly to view. The writer is permitted to incorporate in this introduction an account given to the del-

egates on one of those occasions, in March, 1873, of a day spent in what was the real heart of Mr. Gerry's ministry, by the Rev. George L. Chaney, minister of the Hollis Street Church, who had been appointed chairman of a committee to consider the whole work of the Fraternity, and to suggest large and improved methods in it. On this occasion Mr. Chaney departed from the usual custom of presenting merely a formal report, and gave a graphic description of his visits with the devoted missionary to some of the abodes of poverty to which he was accustomed to carry material, as well as spiritual consolation and the sunny benediction of his friendly, Christian presence.

“Where now,?”

“Well, I think I'll take you round to North Border Street, now.” So crossing the street, we made our way further north, and soon came to a low door-way, one of many in a block that ran nearly the whole length of the street; first, a front hall, and nothing more. This crossed, a narrow stairway led to an orifice, through which my guide disappeared, smiling and happy, and there was Mrs. — and a pretty bright-eyed, pale-faced child of four or five, and a stove, and a sink, and a table, and some chairs. In one of the latter, near the door, and not far from everything and everybody else in this box of a room, I sat down. Pots and kettles gave the stove an animated look, a business-like look, a look of plenty and fullness, which I fear was not warranted by their contents, for nothing stronger than the odor of boiling water rose from them. A cabbage in the sink looked fresh and hopeful (no doubt it would soon give a different flavor to that boiling water). Behind the stove, woolen stockings of all sizes and every stage of wear and tear, hung as if trying to absorb and lay up all the heat they could for the feet that might wear them. A

clothes line made several transits across the upper part of the room, and the family washing hung there. Kitchen clutter crowded the mantlepice, the table, the sink, the walls. A small bed peeped into the room from an adjoining closet, as if watching for a chance to get into the cosy kitchen. Mrs. — did not shut the bedroom door, because there was no door to shut; no, nor yet to the little stairway which led to the upper story. "How's Grandmother?" said my guide. "Poorly, very poorly, sir. The doctor says there's a decay of nature inside, sir. She eats very little; sometimes she thinks she'll like a little broth and I make it for her, but it doesn't relish; she coughs real bad, Mr. Gerry, and raises dreadful. Wont you come up and see her, sir?"

Of course he will. When did he ever lose a chance to visit the widow in her affliction, or cheer a dying bed? Mrs. T. leads the way, carrying Rosa in her arms; he follows, and I follow him. Grandmother was lying on a single-bed on one side a barely furnished chamber, and awaiting her time, with what fortitude! Who can tell, whether it was the submission of necessity, or the endurance of wasted powers made insensible by age and sickness, or Christian resignation and trust? No outward sign betokens, until he leans over her pillow, saying trustful words and asking if her mind is more at rest than when he saw her last. "Yes, yes!" she tried to utter with her palsied lips. She was too kind-hearted to disappoint him with any other answer; and for the moment, no doubt, her trust was strong. How could she miss catching confidence from the strong, kind hand that held her withered one, and the firm, clear voice that spoke to her. I am not sure, either, that her kindly assent to his pleading exhortation was not a better preparation in Heavenly eyes, than the strongest affirmation of faith would have been. Poor old mother! "I do what I can for her," said Mrs. —; "she's my own mother, and of course I can't do too much for her. But it's pretty hard sometimes, with all the children to

care for too. The doctor says she's got the bronchitis on the lungs now, and it'll finish her, he thinks." The old hand goes feebly up to the dim eyes, and who shall dare to look behind the veil of that coarse handkerchief she holds there?

There's a scent of fresh flowers in the room. I noticed it while Mr. Gerry was praying. Had some angel brought them in answer to his petition for a blessing? No; there they stood on the little mantel—a rose-bud, a bit of heliotrope, a sprig or two of fresh green. Some angel in human form had been there, to show that Christian charity feels the finer needs of the poor and brings a posy with the loaf and gown.

"Good-by," we say. The feeble lips struggle like an infant's, and can only frame the word they would fain speak. And something more they strive to say. "Come again?" is that it, mother? The head bows eagerly, "yes, yes," and we go away.

"This is a remarkable woman!" said he, as we stopped before a house, whose broad front door opened as he spoke and let us in. Was it his touch, or the sun's, which had been shining warmly on it all the morning, which opened the door? I cannot tell; but I can tell, that the inner door was opened by an old lady who might have been as old as the sun; but if she was, where was the harm, so long as she was bright as the sun? Dark, piercing eyes, full of native intelligence, looked out of her wasted face. She had a nose with the Roman curve of command about it, only magnified by the falling away of cheek and mouth; just as a standing tower gains in majesty by the ruins about it. Lines of character or suffering, who can distinguish, marked her face and forehead, above which a trace of youth's golden hope still lingered in the grey of her bleached and scanty hair. A cap of crocheted worsted on her head, a small shawl or large handkerchief about her neck and shoulders, and a calico wrapper cover her attire. Two beds were in the room; one screened by a

clothes-horse hung with shawls. A little table on which were grouped funny old China plates and cups, with a sugar-bowl all flowered over with red, and blue, and yellow ornamentations stood beside an old-fashioned bureau. Over the larger bed hung a dingy picture of Washington, careening on a white horse and surrounded by parties in white strewing his pathway with flowers—the famous Trenton reception. Other pictures concealed themselves behind the dust of forty years, which had gathered on them undisturbed. Everything in the room was old but the old lady herself—she defied age; her eyes sparkled with youthful brilliancy as she told the story of past days and former comfort. He led her to speak of her children, especially of Benj. Franklin, her bright, promising son, who had died in the war and was buried with honor from the Chapel. “Yes, he was always bright,” she said; “but Charlie, her only remaining child, was good; he never goes to bed at night without coming and putting his arm around my neck and saying, ‘Is there anything I can do for marmee?’ and he, a man thirty years old,” said she. “He is always good to me; he never leaves me; he sleeps there every night; and,” added the fond old lady, with a touch of maternal authority in her voice that was really commanding, “I can chastise him just as well as I ever could. I don’t mean to say that he never does anything that I don’t know about; but, if I see him doing anything that I don’t approve, I can chastise him, and he lets me, just as well as ever.” Bless me, how it must hurt a big man of thirty to take the chastising of that powerless hand. But it was the tongue that did the whipping, the tongue and eye; and I should not like to meet either, with the knowledge of wrong-doing in my heart. “How is your stock of coal?” says the good minister. “Most out,” says Mrs. Martingale. “Well, you shall have more soon. Good-by.”

A wreck of weather-stained shingles, rotting timbers, broken windows, falling plaster, quivering stairs, leaking

roof, broken banisters, cracked walls, mouldy paper, waste furniture, chair-legs without bottoms and bottoms without legs, a chaotic bed, a rheumatic table, an uncertain stove, a floor that moved like a billowy sea, and in the midst of the commotion, as smart an old lady and as spry a young cat as you would wish to look upon. "How d'ye do? how d'ye do? walk in! glad to see you," chirped Mrs. Phœnix. "Sit down! sit down!" Where? The only dependable chair in the room was a rocking-chair, and that belonged to Mrs. Phœbus herself. "You can't sit on the bed," the cat said, as plainly as words could have said it, for she jumped upon the tumbled bed-clothes and dared us to come near. I really looked at him with dread, as I saw him seating himself on a chair that wouldn't have held a baby, if he had been a mortal baby in real flesh and blood. But I, poor mortal, must have a chair, and there is nothing but a heap of pieces of several broken chairs to sit upon. Mrs. Phœnix seizes a cushion from her rocking-chair, throws it upon the wreck of cane and rounds and legs in the corner, and begs me to take a seat: I dare not refuse, for fear of giving offence. Yea, I would have sat down, if it had been a keg of gunpowder close beside the uncertain stove, so impossible would it have been to do anything to hurt the feelings of such a cheery, bustling, generous-hearted creature as Mrs. Phœnix evidently was. I am not sure but the powder would have been as safe as the tumble-down house itself. "Well, Mrs. P., how do you get on?" "O, prime!" Only think of that woman, who would never see seventy-six again, who had lived to bury six children; the last, her only son, died only five weeks that day; who, after fighting for dear life in the world's battles all this time, was ready for another fight if need be! Brave little frigate, the spirit of the old Constitution was in her! She was ready for anything. Would surely come to the Parish Sociable which he proposed having the next week; and expected to be round as spry as ever to all the meet-

ings when the snow wore off. O! the sparkle of her two little black bead eyes! the lively cock of her round, round head, and the smart pucker of her dumpling face! Tabby, who sat on the bed, could not keep her eyes off her mistress, and was as proud of her as if she had been a queen.

"Coming in to see me?" said an old woman, with full but care-worn face, as we knocked at the door of a house on — street. "Yes, when we come down;" said he, and leading the way up a stairway narrower than any yet, he ushered me into a room of all work. All work, I fear it was, and no play, to the young girl who was washing off the table and putting things aright after a scanty noon meal. But the interest of this room did not centre in the girl. There was a woman seated on a chair which was furnished with large wheels; a woman was it, or a spirit? She had a face that reminded me of Charlotte Brontë's beautiful, plain face. The same high forehead, with greater height still concealed by brown hair pencilled with silvery grey. The cheeks were pale as the bleached moss that you may find on the sea-shore; that same half white, half yellow tint, and there was something flung up and deserted looking about her whole form and attitude. I was not surprised to find that her husband had deserted her in years gone by, and that her crippled body, her withered love, her blasted life, were all, except her two daughters, which she had to live for. I shall never get the memory of her sad, brown eyes, with their film of blue over them, out of my mind, and I blessed the minister anew, when I saw that he knew how to shed a ray of comfort over this wasted face.

Down stairs again, and old lady Summers is waiting to greet us.

"Come in; glad to see you," said a voice on the threshold — the same voice that greeted us as we went up. We went in. The whole family was there: Mrs. Summers and her old man, that was all. She had had

two daughters, but both had died, one at thirteen and the other at five. That was forty years ago, and now the old man was in his last sickness. "He can't speak to you, Mr. Gerry." A pair of eager gray eyes look over the sheet at us as we stand by the bed, but no other salutation is possible. "He has the paralysis, sir." "Is it on more than one side?" asked my friend. "O, yes sir, all over; he can't do anything. I have to do everything for him, and I'm most tired, Mr. Gerry." The room is not without its comforts, poor though they be. Everything is tidy; shells from the East Indies adorn the mantel-piece; there's a clock on the wall, and over the old bureau hung three pictures — one, the largest, is an oil painting of a young girl with yellow hair, pale blue eyes and rosè-pink cheeks, holding a flower in her hand. I think I never saw a poorer painting; but, no portrait in the royal gallery ever gave more enjoyment than this poor painting gives to Mrs. Summers. "That is my daughter," said she, when she saw my eyes resting upon it; "and the man this side of her is Deacon Riggins. Of course you know the other picture, he's my minister; he came to see me the other day, and I told him I always liked to remember Deacon Riggins, because he always thought so much of me. 'Not a bit more than I do, Mrs. Summers,' said he, clapping me on the shoulder. Wasn't that good? And then I told him that those three pictures was a real comfort to me; for two of 'em I knew was in Heaven, and the third was sure to be. Well, I hope we'll all meet there. Good-by, sir, good-by. Come again."

On the way to the next friend we stop and make a call on a helping sister in the Church. She is one of the pretty well-to-do people. The house is roomy, and the front parlor, into which we are ushered, has signs of taste in its furniture and an air of home comfort. The lady of the house received us at the door and showed her remove from the simple poverty of our former hostesses by her confusion of face, and apology for

the household disorder in which we had found her. She took an interest in the gingerbread party which he proposed having at the Chapel; and could evidently be relied upon for her pan, and any amount of work beside.

One more call of the same kind completed our tour of the ton of this parish. The house was up a court. The blinds of the first house were tied with black crape; there had been a funeral in the house six weeks before; a small-pox death, and he had attended the funeral; no mean act of courage. We walk on a few doors, and again a cheerful welcome from an excellent woman, who is one of the parish. Fresh pictures on the wall, fresh plants and flowers in the window, fresh furniture in the room, and signs of a not very distant wedding. The eldest daughter had been married to a promising young man, and this thrifty home was the result of their united earnings. I should have no right to tell you what the minister told me in confidence, about the poverty and distress this family had passed through, since he knew them.

Come on! A rough gate numbered in large style swings unwillingly and admits us into a small yard. A rooster and two anxious-looking hens are picking about and trying to make believe that pebbles are corn. A close squeeze and he is through the door-way, and I close in his wake, before the aperture shrunk up again. A woman, with two little children clinging to her gown and almost tripping her up at every step, bids us welcome. They all like to see Mr. Gerry whenever he may come: not a bit embarrassed by the dirt, or suds, or clothes, or children, or anything else.

The two children clinging to Mrs. Ware's dress are the youngest of a family of nine: five are away from home; only the four youngest remain. The scattering of a family from such a house as this is as much a physical necessity as the flight of birds from a nest. Only four could be housed at one time. The mother was anxiously debating whether she should take John away

from the Navy ship, where he was serving as cook's mate or steward's middy. She needed his earnings, but did not like to have him exposed to bad company. But what she would do with him if she got him home, must have puzzled even her mother-wit. I speak within bounds when I say that the room which served this family of six, as parlor, sitting-room, library, dining-room, kitchen, wash-room, bath-room, sleeping-room, attic, sewing-room, cellar, entry, reception-room and boudoir, was only eight feet by ten. The stove alone was three feet square. Since coming home, on considering the dimensions, and remembering that Mr. G., and the woman and two children, and more or less furniture besides the stove was in the room, I am moved to doubt whether I could have been there at the same time or not; but the impressions I have sketched are quite clear. I cannot have dreamed them. I remember, also, a bird-cage with a Java sparrow in it, in the room; but that was hanging up, and did not take up much space.

And here, perhaps, I ought to bring my story to an end. Go up Melancthan Court with me, and I will stop. Another old lady, worn-out and flung-away looking, smiles to see us. We enter the bed-room parlor, hung round again with pictures: among them a striking outline sketch of Beethoven, which nobody would have objected to owning. Her grandson had it given to him. Her grand-daughter was fitting for a teacher; and, when I heard what interruptions she had, through sickness of home friends, care of others, scanty meals, hard surroundings, I could only hope I might be on the School Committee when she applied for a place. If she did not pass a good examination, it would be because she couldn't.

Mr. Gerry tells me that he has fifty-seven families such as these belonging to his Chapel. He visits them frequently, helps them with coal and clothing, and groceries, and after that with prayers and meetings, and minister-

ing services. But how many of these people can often, if ever, get to church? Very few; and they only in the pleasantest weather. Of course there are others whom I did not see, who can go to church. I doubt if they do so very much. He says they do not, in the daytime. His morning service cannot reach them. The Sunday school catches the children in the afternoon; and the evening service is his main dependence for Chapel ministry on Sunday. For this reason, it is not possible to judge of the value of his work from the show at the Chapel. His is the original work of the ministry at large, as conducted by Tuckerman: a ministry in the homes of the poor.

His friendly visits and timely aid keep these excellent people from confessed poverty; and save them from either suffering, hunger or pauperism. There is very little to show in such work; very little that human eyes can see. Thy story is only a patchwork of the odds and ends of these secluded lives. Your own spiritual imagination must supply the garments of praise in which their souls, cheered by Christian sympathy and kindness, find themselves arrayed, in place of the spirit of heaviness.

Well may the author of this vivid picture say: "It sometimes seems to me that this must be, of all work now done on earth, most like the business of another; of Him in whose name this was done, for we read that he went about doing good; and, if it is Christ's work, will you not give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

One result which followed from this unveiling to the body of delegates of the real secret of this good man's work, was a quickening of the plans of the Fraternity and an awakening of the interest of its members: An advance along the whole line of their work was planned

and urged by the committee, which, in part, has since been carried out; although, in part, it even yet awaits complete fruition.

Meanwhile, however, the years told upon the devoted laborer's health and strength, and though his strong, cheerful presence, the tones whose every sound was good cheer, the hearty hand-grasp remained, the work weighed more and more upon him; and at the end of a quarter of a century of service, he found it best to lay down the trust which he had so faithfully discharged. The appreciation in which those who knew him best held him and his work, is best shown by the following expressions, put on record in view of his work as a Minister at large, by those who had the opportunity of knowing it best:

"BOSTON, May 8, 1883.

"The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches having been informed at their Annual Meeting, of the resignation of the Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, of the Hanover Street Mission, to take effect on the first day of July next, desire to put on record the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches extend to the Rev. Mr. Gerry, upon his retirement from the Ministry at large, their grateful appreciation of his faithful and devoted labors as the Minister of the Hanover Street Chapel, for a period of more than twenty-five years; and their warm recognition of the good work which he has done during that period among the poor of his charge.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Gerry by the Secretary.

ARTHUR B. ELLIS,
CHARLES FAULKNER,
GEORGE H. EAGER."

The Annual Report of the Executive Committee for the same year, bears yet fuller testimony to the same effect:

"Your Committee have to announce the resignation by the Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, of his charge of the Hanover Street Mission.

“Mr. Gerry retires after a ministry of twenty-five years, marked by great faithfulness and conscientious devotion to the duties of his office, which have been performed in perhaps the most unfavorable portion of the city, and often under very discouraging circumstances. It is no small commendation, that in all these years, Mr. Gerry has gained and kept the affection and esteem of the people to whom he has ministered. It will bring regret to many, that his kind offices of advice and consolation will no longer be experienced.

“Mr. Gerry retires, bearing with him also the confidence, respect and esteem, both of the Executive Committee and the entire Board of Delegates.”

In conclusion, the tribute paid by Dr. William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, to the fourteen months of self-denying labor in St. Louis by the Rev. C. H. A. Dalt, in a similar ministry to the poor, may be fitly applied to this other good and faithful servant after a service in Boston twenty times as long,—that it has “left a record in the heart of all who knew him, far more sacred and eloquent than any words could express.”

HENRY W. FOOTE.

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

FATHERLESS.

"The child is father to the man."

Many years ago, on the outskirts of a New England country town, a little child first saw the light; its birth was ushered in by a snow storm, although it was in the second month of Spring. In a little low house which had sheltered a family of twelve children, now came this child, the thirteenth, and the last. A good old-fashioned family not often seen in these modern days. They had all gone forth to seek their fortunes, except the young sister, Martha. She was kept at home to be company for the mother. It was a sad time for them, as the father and husband had been called to his heavenly home some months before this wee baby came. As the mother looked upon the little creature, who weighed only three pounds, her heart sank within her, thinking of the struggle it must have to breast the cold world. In a few days one of the brothers came home. The sister brought

out the little mite for him to see. She put it into the arms of this big, bashful boy. As he looked into the face of the stranger, it seemed as if some intuition told the boy the character which this baby would show to the world.

"He is worth his weight in gold," said he, caressing the little one. How true the utterance, in after years, was proven to the world. Truly, "he was weighed in the balance," and not found wanting. This baby boy was Edwin Jerome Gerry, born in Leominster, Mass., April 21, 1820, son of Benjamin and Lois Gerry. The Gerry family were of good old English stock, who, coming to America, settled in a number of places. A branch of the family made homes in Stoneham, Mass. Two brothers, Benjamin and John, drifted to Leominster, Mass., bought farms in that town near the Sterling line; both married and built houses near each other, on a secluded road, shaded by chestnut trees. The numerous children of both families seemed almost like one large family as they played, worked and went to the district school together through the long, cold winters and the short summers. The wife of Benjamin Gerry, and mother of the little Edwin, was Lois Osgood, of Lancaster, Mass. In those days it was a hard struggle for parents to give to their children what is now thought to be a matter of course. The boys and girls were considered, at a very early age, capable of taking care of themselves. So it was with this family; they all "put a hand to the plough," found employment by which they could earn an "honest penny" to help "get on in the world."

As the children grew older, the father's strength failed, and after a long, tedious illness, he passed away.

So when Edwin came to this clime he was fatherless. A sad thing for a little child to lose the parent whose strong right hand should guide its steps aright, and help it up the steep and rugged path of life. But so it was: little Edwin was without a father, and upon the mother now devolved all the responsibility of bringing up and leading in the right paths, this young and tender charge. Quite a sensation was caused in the family by the arrival of the stranger, and all the big brothers and sisters came trooping home to see the wonder. The oldest sister, Mira, a bright and active girl, then earning her own living, as soon as she saw the baby, took him into her big heart, and to the end of her long life kept him there. Edwin was her especial care during his childhood, and her delight and pride in later days, as he developed those qualities which gave him the position he occupied in the world.

The boy grew apace, soon was toddling about, then was old enough to go to school, then as time went on, growing into a tall lad. He was not a sturdy child, but rather delicate in make. A pretty boy, with sandy hair, blue eyes and white skin. He seemed hardly fitted to "rough it" in the world, but rather to be the carefully-guarded, tenderly-nurtured child of fortune. However, this was not to be the fate of this young lad. It is well to linger over the early days of an innocent child before the "battle of life" comes. A real country boy in thought and feeling, was Edwin. Many pleasant hours he spent playing under the shade of the chestnut trees, with his companions, running over the fields covered with wild flowers, and breathing the pure country air. The beauty of the landscape, the blue sky, the fleecy

clouds floating by, the gorgeous sunsets, the gentle rain, have all an elevating influence on the minds of those who truly love the wonders of nature. So the little Edwin gained that gentleness of spirit, that love of nature, and that reverence for God, which were such prominent traits in his character, by contact with the ever changing "Works of God."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY LESSONS.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

At the early age of eight years it was thought best to obtain a home in some other family for Edwin, as his mother had married again. Such a place being found, he was expected to make himself useful, and "to help for his board and clothes." Now life had really begun for this boy at the mature age of eight years. He must "put on the armor of strength," and "fight the good fight of faith." It seemed as if the battle was unequally divided — a puny boy against the world. But there is a Higher Power who leads His children through this contest, "out of darkness into day." As we trace the career of this boy, we see the Guiding Hand, as he is upheld and sustained along the rugged road into which his steps were led. He sorely missed his home, and found it was very hard to be a man so early in life. Besides attending the district school a few months in the year, and learning his daily tasks, he also was taught many practical lessons, not from books, but from his surroundings.

Like all growing boys, who, being out in the fresh air, and working hard, are in need of hearty food, good bread and milk is a very nourishing article of diet, but Edwin decided that he needed something better than the skim milk which was placed before him, after working in the fields all day. He was a very bright boy, and drew his own conclusions, that skim milk was not the kind of food to give to poor little orphan boys. This experience, which he was obliged to endure, as he "lived round" with one, then another, influenced him in later years in his treatment of poor fatherless boys and girls. He often thought of his dislike for this very thin article of food, and always obtained the best he could for the fatherless ones. During the different seasons he found enough to do to keep him busy and not give very much time for play. Boys always find something to amuse themselves with, especially in the country, even if it is only in hunting a squirrel or tracing a robin to its nest. The very air and the ever-changing country sights are as good as a play, giving life and health to the body and mind. Driving the cows to pasture in the dewy morning, resting under the shade of a wide-spreading tree at noon-day, and returning with the lowing cattle as the shades of evening draw near—all these pleasures Edwin enjoyed with a zest, drawing the sunshine into his soul unconsciously; but there it was, and the genial spirit shedding its brightness around, was felt by hundreds of people in his after life. A bright lad was he, and a thoughtful one too, for a shade of seriousness could have been noticed in his character, even at this early period.

A busy season for all the family on a farm is "haying time." Then, early to work in the morning, and late at work in the evening. The rich grass which has grown

so tall must be cut down and gathered into the barns. Men are hired to do this extra work, but all are expected to help. A boy is found very useful in running errands and waiting on the mowers. So Edwin was called upon during this busy season to "run errands," which he always cheerfully did. One of the most important errands seemed to be, that about ten o'clock in the morning the men wanted something with which to quench their thirst. So the young lad was sent to bring the jug — not filled with molasses and water — but with something stronger for them to drink. In those days it was thought a necessary part of hay-making to have the jug of spirits for luncheon. The thoughtful boy began to notice that the effect on the men was far from good, and that as the laborers grew noisy, the work seemed to lag and fall behind. As with the skim milk, he decided that *rum* was not good for men or women, boys or girls to drink. He felt that he ought not to be the one to bring it to them; he refused to go to the store for a further supply, and would not bring it to the field. This was quite a stand for a boy to take against what was an established custom of the farmers.* But he held firm, much to the indignation of the man with whom he lived, and he determined, if possible, to break down his resolution. A feeling of anger against the boy prompted him to give Edwin a hard task to perform. A certain piece of work was pointed out which must be done by sundown, or he would be severely punished. The boy looked at the long rows of corn to be hoed, knew that he could not

*The editor of the *Christian Leader*, in reviewing the progress of the temperance cause, says that up to 1832 it was thought an impossibility to raise so much as a small stable without a free distribution of rum. "Often at the raisings of that date in that village, did the writer of this, a small boy, do his part in the service, by running with the jug in hand to and fro between the store and the place of raising." The liquor traffic does not secure much sympathy from Dr Emerson to-day.

perform the task in the time allotted to him. A determination to leave a man who insisted on his doing what was so distasteful to him as bringing liquor to the men, and then ordered him to accomplish such a task, arose in his mind. His jacket hung on a tree near by; taking it on his arm, with his shoes in his hand, started for the woods, through which could be taken a short cut to the main road, gaining which, he hurried on until darkness overtook him.

Venturing to the door of a farm house by the way, asked for supper and bed. A kindly welcome was given, and the best that they themselves had was placed before him. After a good night's rest he arose refreshed, and very early in the morning was on the way again. It was on Saturday afternoon he had begun the journey. Now, as the sun rose in all its glory on this Sunday morning, what a lovely world it revealed to the eyes of this barefoot boy hurrying onward with a purpose in view, to find one of his own family, his dear sister Mira, who would have a welcome for this little brother, so many years her junior. The singing of the birds, the dewy grass, the bright flowers nodding their heads as he passed, the fleecy clouds, the waving trees — all cheered him on the way.

After walking for some time he stopped, and from the brow of a hill looked down upon his native town of Leominster. How glorious was all nature upon this beautiful Sabbath morning. It seemed as if the world was at peace, resting from its labors and glorifying its Creator. A feeling of peace stole into the boy's heart, and an approving conscience said that he had done right to turn his back on wrong doing. Thus he took his first stand on the side of temperance, and there he always

stood as firm as a rock. A short walk brought him to the centre of the town. As he passed the Unitarian Church, the choir was singing the last hymn. As the music rolled out, the boy stopped to listen. Then the voice of the preacher, in prayer, broke the silence after the hymn was finished. Did the thought come to this young lad as he waited there, that he should be led as he was, along the devious paths of life, and that at some future day he should stand in that same pulpit, giving thanks to God for all his mercies? It may be so, and the thought gave him courage to strive for the fulfilment of his purpose, to live a good and pure life, and benefit his fellow men. Aware that the congregation would soon be dismissed for the "nooning," he hurried on to find his way to the farm house, where his sister Mira, now married, lived. It was a mile or two from town, but on he trudged. Arriving at her home, he seated himself on the door stone to wait for the family to come from church. The poor child being very tired with the long walk he had taken, soon fell asleep, to be awakened by the voice of sister Mira, saying, "Why, Edwin, is this you?" and to find himself gathered into her sisterly arms. A feeling of rest came over him, as he knew that now he was safe from harm. As the story of his sudden departure was told, and he felt the tears dropping upon his upturned face, he was sure of her sympathy. "You did just right, Edwin, not to stay, and you shall never go back to that place, never, as long as I live!" said she, in her emphatic way. After eating a good share of the Sunday dinner, or "supper," as it was called, being foot-sore and weary, he was put to bed, and soothed to sleep by her tender care. Edwin resolved to try and repay this kind mother-sister, if he was ever able to do so.

CHAPTER III.

STRIKING OUT.

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to them
Like instincts, unawares."

A few years elapsed, which made a marked change in the young lad. As he increased in stature, his feeling of independence became stronger. The time had come when he must strike out in the world and make a place for himself among his fellows. Leaving Massachusetts, he finally drifted to Keene, New Hampshire. After trying a number of occupations, he settled down to learning the printer's trade, which business he followed for some time. But a feeling that he was not in the right place, and that he was capable of leading a different life, seemed ever to be with him. He felt as if he ought to fit himself to be a leader and teacher of men. As this desire grew stronger, the way grew darker; he could not see the other side of the high mountain which must be crossed to accomplish this, almost to him, impossible work. But the thought had been planted in the soul of this young man, and it grew from day to day, being nourished by good thoughts and resolutions. He had always been a good boy, and now,

in his young manhood, the same traits of character were developed, growing stronger and as he grew older, more prominent. He shrank from wicked companions, and disdained doing a mean action. A love of church going had been instilled into his mind by the good sister, and he was always to be found at "meeting" on Sundays, and whenever a service was held through the week.

At the time he was living in Keene, the Unitarians of that place were so fortunate as to have for their pastor, Rev. A. A. Livermore. As Edwin had always attended the Unitarian Church in his native town, this church seemed like home, and he was to be found every Sunday in his place, an attentive listener to the elevating and uplifting words spoken by this good man. However, at one time there was a Baptist revival in town. All the young people flocked to the meetings, which were held every evening. Edwin went to these meetings, and like all the others, felt the influence of the exhortations which he heard. He resolved that it was now his duty to take a stand on the Lord's side, and show to the world that he was ready to be a "Soldier of Christ." After talking with Mr. Livermore, who kindly encouraged this resolution, he, after due time, joined the Unitarian Church in Keene, New Hampshire. But the ties of home are strong; so, after remaining for some time in Keene, he went back to his native place, and then, after awhile, located himself in Fitchburg, an adjacent town. There he went to work in a hardware store. Edwin was of a social nature, and very popular with his companions. He entered into all the sports of the day with a zest; and muster, cattle show, and election, were looked forward to with much delight. He was much sought after, and while in Fitchburg connected himself

with a dramatic club, and having a good voice and retentive memory, was a valuable member.

It is sad, but true, that young people and old people too, cannot be contented with innocent amusements. There are always those who will spoil a good time by recklessness. So it was with some of the young men of the club; they spoiled the object of their meetings by bringing in that element of dissipation. Edwin soon noticed that all was not right, and used his influence against the wrong-doing. Failing to change the workings of the club, he decided that he should not remain a member, and so resigned. He was always found to be true to principle, and as he had taken a stand for temperance, he was sure to continue on that side. But, in the press of daily duties, Edwin did not forget the culture of his mind. He read and studied constantly, looking forward to the day when he could take a step higher. That same longing to take his place in the world as a teacher of men, grew stronger as the months went by. But the more he thought and planned, the more impossible it seemed that he should ever accomplish his desire. It needed money, influence and friends to push him along. But he found that good friends are a great help to a person. So, after his desire became known, he received much help and encouragement from those interested in him. At last, after many plans had been thought over, he found himself in Westford, Mass., and a pupil at Westford Academy.

As some writer has truly said, "that every change was a milestone on the road of life," so this new venture was an important period in the life of this young man. He must now gather up all his courage and go forward to the work without looking back. He found that he

needed patience and perseverance to aid him in gaining the object of his life. He was very pleasantly situated in the family of Parson Abbot, who directed his studies. His fellow pupils were full of life and ambition, so, catching the spirit, he entered into his new duties with great zeal. One of the features of the school was a debating society, and many were the hours spent in preparing and delivering the various arguments on both sides. Edwin was first and foremost in these debates; as he possessed good judgment and a fine delivery, he usually gained the best of the argument. As the gentler sex attended the same Academy, and were always present on these occasions, the young men were even more desirous of gaining applause from the sisters. Edwin was a great favorite with them, and received much praise for his able speeches. Although not realizing it, there was among them a fair sister who was destined to be his life-long companion. Her home was in a neighboring city, and as their acquaintance ripened into friendship, he naturally felt interested to visit her. Being drawn thither, he found that it would be to his advantage to locate there. So, after a time, he went to Lowell to continue his studies with Rev. Henry A. Miles, who was settled over the Unitarian Church in that city. He kept on steadily with his studies, fitting himself for the work he had undertaken, and at last was ready to come out before the world as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is strange how one circumstance leads to another, and will influence the life of a person, leading them into paths, of which they had never thought. This orphan boy had been taken care of and influenced to take the steps he did, by the Unseen Power, who watches over all his children, until now he could take a position in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

IN EARNEST.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

It is necessary for all young people beginning life to have a high purpose in view, for which much preparation must be given to fit them for their future work. So this young man had now given a length of time to study, that he might reach the object which had been a dream, but was now to become a reality. Yes, he now stood before the world, a noble man, ready to do his share of the work to benefit the fallen and relieve the suffering. At this time, 1845, he was approbated as a preacher of the Gospel, and ordained as an Evangelist, approved by the Cambridge Association.

Receiving a call to Athol, Mass., to become the pastor of the Unitarian Church for one year, went there with his young wife, who was Sophia J. Goodwin, of Lowell, Mass. They made many pleasant and life-long friends among this people, but at the end of the year, being asked to take charge of the parish in Standish, Maine, decided to do so. It required the pioneer spirit, for these young people to leave home and friends, to go into, what was to them, a strange country. So they

found themselves in the autumn of 1846 in the town of Standish, sixteen miles from Portland, Maine, ready to face a good old-fashioned winter, "Down East." It was a pretty village, with its broad, main street, pleasant and substantial dwellings, the church on the right, the doctor's house on the left, with the village pump in the centre, keeping guard over all. A good place for the children to gather in pleasant days, for their romps, and for those of a larger growth to linger, talking over the latest news. This pump, it was said, had a trick of dashing water upon the heads of those, who, in the excitement in regard to the Maine liquor law, advocated the cause of temperance. This young minister found that he had not only the elements of nature to face, but also those of the different opinions held by the people of the town. That same courage which had influenced him as a young lad to stand up for the right, now came to his aid. Every action and word showed to his little world, that he stood on the side of temperance. The spirit of both parties ran high, for and against. Bitter feeling was rife among them. It seemed as if it would be the means of breaking up all friendship between the towns-people. This good man, seeing the danger, rushed to the rescue, and by his earnest words, both in public and private, after a prolonged struggle, succeeded in reconciling both parties, who became not only friends, but co-workers together in the vineyard. He found that there was much work which must be done to advance the interests of this parish. The church building was a quaint old edifice, with its high pulpit, sounding board and square pews. What a source of interest were those high pews, just like little houses, with their "slam-down" seats, to the children. Their little heads could be just seen, with

the roguish eyes looking over to some neighboring child. Then the singing seats at the back, filled with the best singers the town afforded.

But the building needed repairing; the singers were in want of an organ to sing by, and the town was suffering for a school of higher grade. His energetic spirit stopped at no slight obstacles. So this brave spirited man started out to collect money necessary to make the repairs. He succeeded beyond his hopes, and came back with the funds; a bell and an organ, given by the societies of Saco, Kennebunk, and other friends who were interested in the movement. In a few months what a change. The old church with its new dress looked like a different place. The high roof, with the galleries at the side, had disappeared; the space above had been converted into spacious rooms, to be used as school-rooms. The Academy was now fully established, with good teachers in charge, who had come from Cambridge, Mass., at the request of Mr. Gerry. Scholars came from a distance, and the school was now in a very flourishing condition. On Sunday mornings the new bell pealed out its summons to the villagers, and the organ gave out its sweetest tones to the worshippers who had gathered there for praise and prayer. A great advance had been made in the prosperity of the parish, and much interest was manifested by the Unitarians in the various towns to help the good man in his work. He found that much good could be done by going out into the adjacent villages where there was no preacher or church, and hold services in any available school-house. Some funny experiences were met with in these labors, and very queer people assembled to hear the good words. One very hot day in mid-summer he went to "Planta-

tion" to hold a meeting. It was his custom to make a short address, then have any who wished make short speeches on the subject. At the close of the address an elderly woman arose, and began by saying, "she thanked God the minister was not too proud to preach in a linen coat;" then went on to give her "experience." The weather that day was so extremely hot, finding it impossible to proceed, he had put on his linen coat; hence the remark made by "the sister." So much work was needed to be done in this direction, that he, in due time, was made a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, and others. A great interest among the people was the result of this missionary work. Going at one time to a village, he found workmen busy raising a building which they said "was to be a school-house to hold meetings in, and wished Mr. Gerry to come as often as he could."

Dr. Francis Parkman, of Boston, secretary of the society, visited Standish, and after going with Mr. Gerry to the different villages, felt very much satisfied with the work done, and the appropriation was renewed the next year. Then came the day when trees were to be planted in front of the old church. As the building set back from the road, a large space of green had been left, and it now was to be covered by trees, so that they might afford shade to the weary passer-by, and also beautify the village. All the men were asked to help, and eagerly responded to the call, while the wives and daughters were invited to get dinner for the workers, which they as eagerly did, for every one was interested in the work. Those young trees which were then planted by willing hands, are still there, now old, but thrifty, waving their green branches in the summer with

the joy of living, and standing like sentinels guarding the now silent church through the bleak winter. So the years sped by, varied by exchanges with brother ministers, which gave new zest to his home work after the change made by these journeys out into the world. The "minister's house" was looked upon as the place for strangers to be entertained who came to the village, and many were the visitors who partook of the hospitality of the home. With all the work and care, there was much of enjoyment, for the people of the parish were full of life, and the social side was not neglected. Many picnics and parties varied the seasons: such good times, never to be forgotten.

The favorite spot for an out-door outing was in the "Paine neighborhood," which was some distance from the village. What a jolly day would be spent, full of fun and pleasure, all returning well satisfied with the entertainment. The home nest was now quite full, for three little ones had been added, who brought with them much care, as well as joy. The mother found that her hands and heart were often full, and running over many times, when sickness came to them. Then how dear was the sympathy and aid given by the good people. How welcome the presence of the cheery doctor and his good wife; also, of others who came to do what they could to help the young father and mother out of their trouble; then the substantial tokens sent by the Portland parish, whose minister was Dr. Icabod Nichols. The years had now counted up to seven, when a new idea came to this young worker. Although so far away from any large centre, only going thither occasionally, he kept up his knowledge of the work done by the churches and charities in the large cities. He had become much interested

in the charity known as the Children's Aid Society, New York. Learning that a person was needed to help in the Mission, expressed his desire to acquaint himself with the details of the work. A cordial invitation was given him, as this letter will show.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1853.

REV. E. J. GERRY,

Dear Sir:—I am glad you conclude to come on, as I am sure you could not have such a strong desire for such a work without being adapted for it. You come in a very oppressive season, when we shall not be able to do as much as in other seasons. Still, we can show you what New York is, and if after that you want to lend a hand to help reform it, why we shall be glad to have you.

Respectfully,

C. L. BRACE.

When it became known by the parish that Mr. Gerry might feel it his duty to go to a different field of labor, much sorrow was felt and expressed by young and old. Before his departure a farewell reception was given him, in which the whole town united. Dr. Henry Nichols feelingly expressed the regret of the people, and the esteem in which he was held by them, in an able speech, wishing him "farewell and God speed." Saying, "that he was afraid, after the good man had gone, the grass would grow up in the streets, as it had done before he came there." His words, as far as the church was concerned, proved true, for the active spirits who were his helpers, and put life into the work, are gone to their reward.

CHAPTER V.

FROM COUNTRY TO CITY.

"The will to do, the soul to dare."

"Into a world unknown — the corner stone of a nation."

When the Pilgrim Fathers left their native land, embarking on the May Flower, and trusting themselves, with their little families, to the mercy of the winds and waves of the stormy Atlantic, what fortitude they must have summoned to their aid to enable them to turn their faces towards the western shores, without looking back with regret. They had a *purpose* in view, which was to make homes for themselves in a land all untried, where they could worship God in freedom. It seems as if this same spirit of the Pilgrims had come to this young minister, urging him to go to the great city, and do his utmost to promote good among the poor and suffering. After spending a month in New York, he accepted the invitation to become one of the agents of the Children's Aid Society. It required all the courage and fortitude that he and his family could summon, to enable them to tear themselves away from the quiet little village which had been their home for seven years. Such happy years, so full of pleasure, and now they must leave these pleas-

ant scenes, to go to a larger field. It was a hard task to set this little family down in the midst of a great, noisy city, and ask them to call it "home." Many a heart-ache and home-sick feeling was endured until they became accustomed to the great change. A pleasant home was at last found in Brooklyn, which was much more to the taste of those who were used to a country life. *Now* it seemed as if the real work of life had begun in earnest for this disciple of Christ, as "he went about doing good." Could it be possible that this courageous man, so full of ambition, was ever that puny little orphan boy left to make his own way in the world?

Truly, there is a "Providence which shapes our ends," and had, in a special manner, marked out the path for this noble man.

The work of the Society was principally among children, to find them out, and try to save them from following the evil courses of their parents; then, to obtain good homes, where they could be educated and brought up as good citizens. The office of the Society was located near the district known as the "Five Points." There Mr. Brace, with his faithful helpers, were to be found, ready to lend a listening ear to the wants of the needy. Every day Mr. Gerry went from street to street and from house to house, looking up the neglected children who lived in that wretched locality. He became well known among the people, and his presence was looked upon as a blessing as he walked along through these dark and gloomy streets, his face beaming with goodness and benevolence. Ah! what scenes of sorrow did he witness, and how his kind heart was touched by the misery he saw around him. So much evil to encounter, how could any good be accomplished by the

few? It would seem as if the work this mission did, was as nothing, in comparison to the wickedness with which it had to grapple. *But there it was*, and these good men gave all their thought, wisdom and time, to solve this problem, of the most efficient way to kill or disable the enemy.

Oftentimes the good wife went with him in his daily rounds among these poor homes, giving him counsel and aid in many cases where it was so hard to know just how to act judiciously. They would enter one of the tenement houses, which are six and seven stories high, and go up the worn stair-case, where the footsteps of a multitude who called this wretched place their home, had worn it almost through, going up and down. Little children, the old and middle-aged, had left their footprints from day to day on this highway, some with light steps tripping along, and many with weary feet, as they went out and came in from their daily toil. They would pause to rest on the landing, and he would leave his companion to wait for him, as he went from room to room of the different sections, seeking out the wants of these needy ones. As he disappeared from view, and she stood there waiting, looking down the long corridors which branched off in many directions, a feeling of fear would come over her, as the thought flashed into her mind that perhaps something dreadful might happen to him, and she would anxiously wait for the coming of the good man, who always appeared with a smile on his face. She would recall these experiences in after years with a shudder, and say that the sights and faces she saw in these long moments of waiting, were worthy of a place among the pictures of "Dante's Inferno." But he never knew what it was to fear in any of these dark and

loathsome alleys or streets where his work led him. Although this portion of the city was its very worst, yet he kept steadily on, doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate, and speaking words of comfort to the afflicted.

The people, rough though they were, knew why he came among them—that it was for their good, and they not only respected him, but learned to love and welcome him to their wretched homes. Going, one Thanksgiving day, in company with his wife, to visit a sick sailor, a Scotchman, who lived with his mother in a little room at the top of one of these poor tenement houses, after climbing up almost countless stairs, they at last arrived at the door of the room, and stepped in, and what a scene was presented to their gaze! A small bedroom, with only a rusty stove and the broken chair for furniture. In one corner of the room lay the sailor on a board, placed on an old sea chest, and in the other corner lay the mother on a bundle of rags, and both sick unto death. No food, no fire, no one to do anything for them. Oh! it was a pitiful sight. Mr. Gerry sought out a poor woman in a neighboring attic, asked her to look out for them, after giving her the necessary funds to buy some comforts for them, sending fuel, that they might have a warm room in which to breathe their last. After reading the “prayer for the sick and dying” from an old “prayer book” which the poor old woman took from under her head, there was nothing more to be done for they were fast drifting to a land where hunger and cold are unknown. On calling the next morning, Mr. Gerry learned that the mother died about seven o’clock in the evening, and her son died about five in the morning, calling mother! mother! as long as he had strength

to speak. It was best that they should go together; for how sad it would have been to have had either left alone. "Peace! let them rest. God knoweth best." The funeral service was held at eleven o'clock, and at three in the afternoon a new family had moved into the same room. Such is life in the big city. It is not strange that these poor children, surrounded as they were by wickedness in every form, should be led astray and often transgress the law.

It was one of the duties of Mr. Gerry to visit the prison, called the Tombs, that dreadful place so fraught with crime and misery in every shape, and speak words of comfort and advice to the wayward ones confined within its limits. Passing along the corridors one day, he heard voices calling his name: "Mr. Gerry, come here!" Stopping to investigate, he saw the faces of three boys, all confined in one cell, pressed up against the gratings and the bright eyes anxiously looking out. They were young voices which had called to him, and young faces which looked out, with the stamp of poverty upon them.

"Oh! Mr. Gerry, git me out!" "Please, Mr. Gerry, won't you git me out of this!" And "*me* too!" said the third.

"Well, boys; what have you been doing to get in here?" said he.

"Oh! I'm in for petty larceny," said one; and "I'm in for petty larceny, too, sir!" "Oh! git me out, sir!" said all the voices.

It was the refrain of the song of the "foolish virgins," "Oh! let us in! Oh! let us in!" completely reversed; and sounded as despairingly in the ears of a party of ladies who had accompanied Mr. Gerry to this dismal place.

"Well, my boys, it is a hard case for you; but I will see what I can do in the Court to-morrow," he would make answer. True to his word, he would go to the session of the Court and plead for these youthful offenders. Then the Judge would decide that they should be set free, without further punishment, with this provision: that Mr. Gerry take charge of them, obtain homes for them in the far West, where they might have good training and become useful citizens.

The visits to the News Boys' Lodging House were most interesting. The reading-room, bright and cheery, filled with these little men of the world; who, being thrown upon their own resources, were forced to carry about an air of bravado. They knew not what it was to have a home. The streets were their dwelling-places by day, and often by night. This Lodging House had been established by the Society for the Friendless Ones, to give them a place of shelter away from all the temptations of the streets. A jolly set they were, taking life easy, laughing all care away, happy in having a little comfort. Dearly they loved Mr. Gerry, and gladly listened to him as he gave them words of advice in his pleasing manner. These boys were very keen and full of dry wit, readily detecting anything which seemed ridiculous to them. At one time a speaker, pointing out the evils of drunkenness, tried to descend to what he thought would be the level of their ideas. In describing the condition of an intoxicated man, whom he had seen on his way to the meeting, said: "Now, boys; how do you suppose he looked, as he walked down the street?" "Just as you do now, sir; ready to cave in!" said a voice from out the crowd. The gentleman made haste to finish his speech, with as few words as possible.

A great many of the prominent people of New York were interested in the work of the Children's Aid Society, giving their time, influence and money to forward its interests. A branch of the work was known as the Industrial Schools for Girls, which were established all over the city. Some of the wealthiest ladies had charge and were there every day to superintend the work. Mr. Gerry had an office in the building which was used for this purpose in the Fourth Ward; and Mrs. Gov. Morgan was the President of that School. There they all worked together, trying to benefit the poor girls who came to them from day to day. Every day calls were made and cases looked up.

Going in company with Mr. Brace, at one time they turned their steps toward one of the worst streets in the district. They entered a house where it was known that a little child lived who was terribly neglected by its mother. On entering the room they looked upon a sight which was heart-rending. The parent, who should have been the protector of her child, lay in an intoxicated condition on the bed, and the lovely little golden-haired girl of about two years sat playing near by. Failing to rouse the mother to any sense of their errand, having authority, took the child with them to the Home, from where she was adopted by some good people. What a condition of things when a mother could sink so low that every natural feeling seemed to be gone, and she could so neglect her child. What a mercy that some one should take charge of the little one, that she might be saved from a life of wickedness. These instances are only a few of the many who were snatched from the evil by which they were surrounded.

Although such a city as New York is like a world,

and it would seem as if one family could hardly be recognized, yet the little household of Mr. Gerry found many warm friends. Numerous favors were bestowed upon them, to show the good feeling and appreciation of his work. What a pleasant surprise for him to enter his study and find that deft hands had beautified it with a fine bookcase, table, carpet, and other adornments; also to find on the table a package of the precious metal silver, in the form of spoons. These remembrances are still in use, treasured by the family as tokens of goodwill to their beloved father.

The Unitarians had a small society in Brooklyn, whose minister was that grand old man, John Pierpont. What a pleasant season for them was this privilege, of having the companionship of such a fine spirit! His very presence seemed to say, "Stand! the ground's your own, my braves. Will ye give it up to slaves?"

Walking home from service one Sunday, the little son of Mr. Gerry, who was holding the hand of Mr. Pierpont, said,

"Do you know how many *ands* you had in your sermon to-day?"

"No, my boy; did you count them?" he replied, smiling.

"Yes, sir; I counted forty-eight."

"Well, well, you have a head for a poet."

Alas! the prediction was not true; it was more for good common-sense prose than for poetry, as the life of the practical, hardworking physician has proved.

At this time sorrow entered the home of Mr. Gerry, in the loss of a lovely child, who was taken away after a short illness. Then joy came in the birth of a little girl, whose life was all too short, for she was called up

higher. How sad for him to take the long journey to his native town twice with the little ones, leave them there, going back to his work with a sorrowful heart, Then how dear was the sympathy of such true friends, as came to offer their help to the sad family. But many happy days were also spent, and pleasant social gatherings enlivened the months and years. The invitations from Mr. Felt to visit Feltville, and preach in the church on Sunday, were gladly responded to. This small village, with its manufactories, stores, schoolhouse, and church, was owned by Mr. Felt, a large-souled man, who was interested in the welfare of his employees. The visits were full of enjoyment, for the wife and children were included, and every attention was paid to them by the hospitable host and his good wife.

Mr. Gerry had now become so well known it was thought by the city government of Brooklyn that he was just the right man to take charge of an Institution for truant boys, to be established in Flatbush, a suburb of Brooklyn. He consented to become superintendent, with an assistant superintendent, two lady teachers, and Mrs. Gerry as matron.

There seemed to be a need for just such a work, and the building was soon full of boys, sent there for various reasons. It was a very responsible charge, and required much resolution to govern and keep in order these restless spirits. The kind and wise government of Mr. Gerry soon won their hearts, and they loved him as well as they respected him. One of the boys, who possessed a great appetite, and, like Oliver Twist, was always wanting "more," had duly appreciated the good dinner one day, seeming satisfied. When the evening service was held in the school-room, all the family being

assembled to join in the praise and prayer, this sentence was heard above every other voice: "give us some more of that good soup," in place of, "give us this day our daily bread." An audible laugh went over the room. Mr. Gerry finished the prayer with reverence. After waiting a moment, said in his pleasant but grave manner:

"Cook, was any of the soup left from dinner to-day? If so, please bring a bowlful to me."

She left the room and soon returned with the article.

"Harry, did you ask for some soup just now?"

The boy hung his head, but did not reply.

"Well, come forward to the platform, and you shall have your wish gratified. Please step to the table, take a seat, and eat this bowl of soup," said Mr. Gerry.

The boy knew that he must obey, so walked to the platform, and, with great haste, partook of what to him was an unwelcome lunch.

This was a lesson to all the boys, that they should never make sport of sacred things, but always to conduct with reverence when asking for help from the Heavenly Father.

The boys who were sent to the Institution were of all nationalities, so that the different peculiarities of their dispositions had to be dealt with in many ways. They did not like the confinement or the regular routine of school and house duties, and often made attempts to escape, sometimes succeeding. The building stood in the centre of a large lot, surrounded by a high enclosure. A small building, fitted up for a gymnasium, and swings arranged for the pleasure of the boys, occupied a portion of the grounds. There they were allowed to play for a number of hours each day, after school was

over. But these active spirits, who had been accustomed to being in the streets and having no restraint over them, did not like this daily routine, or the high walls which kept out the world. Sometimes they would find the other side, and hie back to their old haunts.

At one time a boy succeeded in his attempt to escape, taking a sudden departure. Mr. Gerry took a trip to the city a few days afterwards, making a visit to a certain locality. Seeing a group of boys playing marbles near, his eye fell on the boy for whom he was looking. Placing his hand on his shoulder, he said:

"Why, Jack, how came you here? We have missed you very much since you went away from us. Come with me now, for I am going back to the Institution."

The look of surprise in the boy's face was curious to see; but he did not resist the authority which he knew Mr. Gerry held, and quietly went back with him.

After a time it was found expedient to devote a part of the building to the use of girls—stray waifs, without home or friends. Some very strange specimens of humanity drifted to this "Truants' Home." Among them, a veritable "Topsy," who said she was never "borned," never had a father or mother till she found Mr. Gerry and his wife. She had been known to the police as a street "rag-picker," at one time driving a dog-cart from one dirt heap to another, and always fighting with other rag-pickers for the possession of bones and rags, and other stray treasures of the rubbish heap. She was as wild as an untamed colt, and as hard to manage. It was truly wonderful how soon she yielded to the good influences of home and kind treatment,

and learned to love the good friends about her, willing to obey and serve them faithfully.

The benevolent ladies of Brooklyn, who were much interested in the Institution, were in the habit of meeting there at times, and spending a day in making up garments for the boys and girls. One day a lady brought her baby with her, and Topsy was asked to take care of it, and keep away the flies from disturbing it while it slept. The mother was afraid to leave her child alone in the room with this strange, wild-looking creature; but as she was assured of the warm spot in this girl's heart, she was persuaded to trust her, and found that she proved to be a good nurse, devoted herself to the little one as though she loved it, and showed her great pleasure in thus being trusted.

On the day when Mr. Gerry left the Institution forever, this poor girl burst into a passion of tears, saying she could not and she would not stay there after they were gone away. Poor child! she had a sad fate to encounter the hardships of life before her.

The kind and judicious treatment received at the hands of Mr. Gerry and family, inspired great love and confidence in the minds of the children. They would do anything to please them. At one time an unruly spirit had effected his escape. Mr. Gerry told a number of the boys, that he would trust them to go in search of him. This they gladly did, returning at the appointed time with the runaway.

Although the original idea in establishing the Institution was to provide a reformatory for truant boys, yet it was not confined to that class entirely, but received any who had the great misfortune of being without a

shelter, and were left literally in the streets. This story will serve as one illustration of the good done, by having such a temporary home for the waifs.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.*

A TRUE STORY.

S. FANNIE GERRY WILDER.

In one of the narrow streets of a great city the day was drawing to a close.

Darkness comes early in those crowded thoroughfares, where the buildings are so high that the sun finds it very hard to peep into the windows, to cheer those who call this place home. Its light seemed to linger kindly on one of the houses, and threw its beams into the windows of one particular room. For a few moments the poor little room seemed flooded with light, then it gradually faded away, leaving it in the half darkness which comes just before night.

The dying eyes of a poor woman who lay on a little cot in one corner of the room had caught the radiance, and the thought that she might never see the sun rise again, forced its way into her mind.

Only two years ago and she was so happy, so full of hope. Leaving their native German land, the father and mother crossed the ocean and found a very comfortable home in the great City of New York. The father, a skilled workman, found employment, which enabled him to support his family well. The thrifty mother kept the home bright and cheery, and the two children were happy playing together. Sturdy little Peter took care of the rosy cheeked Gretchen, when the good mother trusted them to go out in the street to play. What romps they had when father came home. How strong he was and full of life! He would throw Gretchen up on his shoulder and march around the room like a soldier, with Peter following them beating time on his drum. How they would laugh and shout until the mother held her ears they made such a noise. A

*Originally published in the *Christian Leader*.

happy family they were, hardly regretting that their native land was so far away. But alas, for them when the husband and father was stricken down with a disease, which after a few hours sickness resulted in his death. The grief of the mother and little ones was pitiful to see. Left alone in a great city, almost strangers, what would happen to them? The wife put aside her grief as well as she could, to comfort her children. Her strength was all she had to keep "the wolf from the door." She found it very hard to obtain work, but at last succeeded in earning a small sum from week to week. The pretty home must be given up for cheaper quarters.

So they moved to the house where the sun had kindly lingered. The winter which followed the father's death was a very severe one. The poor mother, trying to provide for her little family, over-did and was sick for many weeks. Knowing that her children's bread depended on her exertions, she too soon went to work again, and now lay on her death-bed. What agony she endured, as the thought of the helpless condition of her little ones haunted her mind. What could be done for them after she was called away? Her neighbors, in the same house, were as poor as she was herself. They did what they could, in taking care of her, and sharing their little with her. A poor widow had promised to "look after" the children and take for her pay the few household effects she would leave. This was all she could plan for them, and now she must patiently wait the end.

"Where are you Peter?" called a feeble voice, from the corner of the little attic room.

"Here, mother dear," answered a curly-headed boy, as he ran to his mother's call. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing my dear child, only to sit by me, for I want to tell you what to do after I am gone from you. Where is the little Gretchen?"

"She is in the other room playing dolls with Mrs. Brown's little girl. Shall I call her?"

"Not just yet, my darling, for I want to talk with you alone first. You know your mother is going to leave her dear children very soon."

"Oh, no! dear mother, take us with you."

"I cannot my child. I am dying, so must leave you, although it breaks my heart. Now my little son, I want you to promise me

that you will take good care of Gretchen. You must be her protector, love her, be kind to her and God will bless you. I have but little to leave my darlings. Take this fifty cents, which is all the money I have in the world. Buy something with it, so you may remember your mother; it is her dying gift to you. Gretchen! bring her to me, I want to kiss her."

Peter ran quickly to do his mother's bidding. Mrs. Brown hastened to the room with the children. The poor mother opened her eyes as the little child ran to her; drew her closely to her, and kissed her fondly. "Gretchen—darling—remember"—she said and then was gone. Poor little Peter threw himself in a passion of tears, upon his mother's breast; calling her to come back, and not to leave them. But the ears were deaf to all earthly calls, even from her beloved children. It was a sad sight, when they were forced to leave the cold form of her they loved so well. Mrs. Brown took them to her own home as she had promised. She was as kind to them as a woman could be, whose daily bread for herself and family depended on her own exertions. However, after a few weeks, she grew tired of the care of the little ones, and told Peter she must find another home for them.

One day while she was away, little Peter taking Gretchen by the hand, wandered forth, seeking a new home. Poor little souls, they were like the children in the song, "The New Kingdom," whose only idea of Paradise and Heaven, was a "Kingdom called Home." Leaving the dark and narrow street which had been home to them, Peter and Gretchen trudged along and soon found themselves on that great thoroughfare, Broadway. They looked with wonder at the throng of people hurrying along, the teams, the stores and the beautiful buildings. Peter held Gretchen's hand tightly in his, fearful he might lose her. They looked into the windows of the stores with wide open eyes, to see all the lovely things there displayed. Peter remembering his mother's wish that he should buy something with the fifty cents she had given him, looked eagerly at the treasures before him. They paused before a shoe store.

"How much are these, sir?" asked Peter, pointing to a pair of rubbers.

"Fifty cents, my young man," said the clerk.

"I want them," said Peter. So he handed out his fifty cents and took the rubbers.

Poor child, how little he realized the realities of life; his only idea being that he must buy something, no matter what, by which to remember his dear mother.

Tucking his purchase under one arm and taking Gretchen again by the hand, they walked on. After walking a long distance, they at last sank exhausted on some steps. Peter drew Gretchen near to him and covered her with her little shawl as well as he could. She was asleep in a few moments, and Peter, trying hard to keep awake, was soon lost in dreams. He awoke in great fright as a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

“What are you doing here,” said a voice.

Peter saw the bright buttons of a policeman shining out in the darkness.

“Oh! Mr. Policeman, we are looking for a home. Do you know where we can find one? Father and mother are dead, and Mrs. Brown don’t want us.”

The officer of the law felt the tears gather in his eyes, as the little boy looked so piteously into his face, and he heard his sad story.

“I will take you to a place where you can sleep to-night, then see if we can find a home for you to-morrow.

So taking the sleepy little Gretchen up in his arms, he turned his steps towards a temporary home for just such friendless ones.

He thought of his own darlings safe in bed, watched over by the faithful wife and mother. He shuddered to think of their being left to wander about the streets of a vast city.

The poor children were so tired that they hardly realized where they were, or what had happened to them until the next morning. Much to the children’s delight, their good friend the policeman came to see them early in the morning. At his request Peter told him his sad story and asked him if he could find a home for them;—that his mother had told him always to take care of Gretchen, and God would bless him. As he listened his heart was moved with pity for these little ones, knowing that they could not stay together. Although there is so much done for the poor, still there are rules which must be carried out in these charitable institutions, and brothers and sisters are often separated.

“My dear boy, I can find a home for both of you, but I am afraid you will have to part. You are too young to take care of your

little sister. She can also have a good home, but not with you. She can go where ever so many little girls live, until some kind lady will take her to be her own little girl."

Peter at first refused to leave Gretchen, who was clinging to her brother, sobbing bitterly. At last he was persuaded to do so, by the promise that he might some time see her in her new home.

Peter with his friend started to find the Institution for boys, which was situated on the outskirts of the city. Poor child, it was with a heavy heart that he left the dear little sister, his only relative in this, his adopted land. He had done his duty as far as he could, and God would bless him.

The Superintendent of the Institution and his wife, who was also the Matron, received them kindly. Peter looked rather frightened, but holding the bundle of rubbers tightly in his hand, answered the inquiries of the Superintendent.

So Peter began his new life with these good people to care for him. After a time he became quite happy as he received many favors from all about him. The Matron who took a great interest in the little boy, learned to love him, for he was so obedient and willing to do all he could for his kind friends.

From time to time the policeman came to see him, bringing news of Gretchen. On one of these visits he told him that a kind lady had taken her to be her own little girl; that she was to live some miles from the city and would have a lovely home. Peter felt rejoiced to know the little one was safe from harm, and would be so well cared for.

A number of months had passed away since Peter became an inmate of the Institution, when one day a gentleman came to visit the Home. He was from the West, and was much interested in the Charities of New York. Being a man of wealth, he had the leisure to go about and see all that was interesting. As is often the case, whether a person is rich or poor, there is an ache in the heart, a sense of loss, which money cannot restore. So it was with him. In looking at all these friendless boys, he thought of his own idolized son, who was sleeping the "sleep of death" in a far distant city.

In conversation with the Matron, he mentioned his great loss. She asked him why he did not take some friendless boy to be a son to him; then told him the story of Peter. At his request he was

sent for, that the gentleman might see and talk with him. His heart was moved with pity as he heard the sad story. He resolved that he would take this boy, and do for him as he would have done for his own beloved child.

So the next day he came for Peter to go to the city with him, but would bring him back to say good-by to his good friends and companions. Could it be the same Peter who had come, poorly dressed, thin and pale, his only treasure a pair of rubbers, his mother's gift, a few months before, to this place of shelter? Now he appeared to them with a new suit of clothes, his face beaming with health and happiness. He thanked these friends for all their kindness to him. He was going to see Gretchen, and then start for the West with his adopted father. He had been a good boy, and now had the prospect of becoming a useful man. But in all of his prosperity he did not forget the *rubbers* which he had bought in remembrance of his dear mother, taking them with him to his future home.

So it was as his mother had told him, if he was good and kind, God would bless him.

But this constant care and vigilance was very wearing on all in charge. The health of the wife began to fail so rapidly that it was found necessary to make a change. A voice from Boston, Mass., said, "Come to us; we need just such a man for an important work in our city." After thinking it all over, Mr. Gerry decided to answer the call. But the Trustees of the Institution were unwilling to accept the resignation of Mr. Gerry and wife. However, as it was thought best by them to make a change, the committee accepted the final resignation with much regret, and they moved to Boston, Mass., in 1858.

BOSTON, July 26, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

Upon conference with Mr. Ellis, I found that we had no right, as a sub-committee, to supply the Hanover Street Mission, after

the 1st of September; we have therefore held a meeting of the whole committee this afternoon, at which it was:

"*Voted*, that Rev. Mr. Gerry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., be requested to take charge of the "North Mission" for three months, from the 1st of September, or from any earlier day that may be convenient to him."

Hoping to hear from you in the course of the week, I remain,

Yours very truly,

REV. MR. GERRY.

E. S. GANNETT.

JUVENILE HOME OF INDUSTRY,

BROOKLYN, July 29, 1858.

REV. DR. GANNETT:

I have concluded to accept your invitation to take charge of the ministry at large in connection with the Hanover Street Chapel. I sincerely hope that I may be able to give your Fraternity of Churches such satisfaction, that, at the end of an engagement of three months, I may be reappointed. Both myself and Mrs. Gerry will do our best to make the Hanover Street movement a success. I will be in Boston in season to supply the Pulpit of the Chapel on the second Sunday in August.

EDWIN J. GERRY.

REV. DR. GANNETT.

JUVENILE HOME OF INDUSTRY,

BROOKLYN, July 27, 1858.

TO THE TRUANT LAW COMMITTEE:

GENTLEMEN:

Having received an invitation to occupy a position of usefulness in the City of Boston, I hereby tender you my resignation, as Superintendent of the Juvenile House of Industry, to take effect on the 16th of August, 1858, at noon.

Yours with great respect,

EDWIN J. GERRY, Supt.

TRUANT LAW COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, Friday, May 27, 1858.

Rev. E. J. Gerry has been occupied for four years, as Visitor for this Society, among the poor of the Fourth Ward; and during this time, by his remarkable kindness, and patience and persistency, he acquired great influence over the poor families of his district, and was the means of the improvement and reform of many.

His efforts were singularly blessed, in removing the poor and vicious children to homes in the country. We do not know of any one in this city, whose name is more gratefully remembered by the destitute and unfortunate, or who has gained during the same time, so profound an influence over this poor class. In good judgement and patient kindness, we can most heartily recommend him as a laborer among the poor.

C. S. BRACE, Sec'y.

In the above statement, of Mr. Gerry's peculiar qualifications for the work of visitor among the poor, and his great success while in the employ of the "Children's Aid Society," I cordially concur, and with confidence recommend him for any position of that kind.

JNO. L. MASON,
Pres. Ch. Aid Society.

May 27th, 1858.

As one of the Trustees, and Treasurer of the Children's Aid Society, from its formation to the present time, I became acquainted from time to time, with the useful and successful exertions of Rev. Mr. Gerry in behalf of the poor, destitute and depraved of this city, and I heartily concur in the foregoing statements of the President and Secretary of the "Children's Aid Society," in his behalf.

New York, May 28, 1858.

JOHN D. WILLIAMS, Treas.

MR. AND MRS. GERRY:

Allow us to express our deep regret, that you are about to leave us. We feel that we are about to part with those who have ever manifested toward us the interest of the kindest and most tender parents, although we have very often been forgetful of your great kindness, and wounded your feelings by our carelessness and disobedience.

We can only offer you our most sincere thanks for *all* (and we know it is *very much*) that you have done for us; but we are sure that your reward will be great in Heaven; for our Saviour said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

May your future life be as happy as useful, and may the best of Heaven's blessings attend you in your labors, among the poor and outcast of this world.

God grant we may all so live that we shall be prepared to meet in that blessed home above where partings are unknown.

From the Children of the Juvenile

House of Industry, to their

Resigned, August 16, 1858.

Superintendent and Matron.

Resolutions adopted by the Truant Law Committee, of the Common Council of the City of Brooklyn, April 30th, 1858.

"Resolved, that in the wise and successful management of the Juvenile House of Industry, at Flatbush, we recognize in Mr. and Mrs. Gerry, our efficient Superintendent and Matron, all those excellent and amiable qualities requisite for the careful, thorough and parental discipline of the children committed to their charge, and for their general well being, while confined to the Institution under the mandates of the law.

"Resolved, that our warmest thanks are due to them for the true and faithful manner in which their difficult and arduous duties have been performed; and in taking leave of them, in the capacity of a committee, we beg to assure them of our continued regard for their future success and prosperity.

A. B. CLARKE.

WM. H. JENKINS.

THOMAS D. HUDSON.

JAMES A. VAN BRUNT.

E. S. ROLPHS."

The term of office of this committee expired on the 1st of May, 1858, with the exception of Mr. Van Brunt, who was re-elected.

CHAPTER VI.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THE OUTLOOK.

A good man's thoughts rise from his heart like angels, and soar up to heaven; his deeds remain on earth, to make this life heavenly with angelic influences. — *Frederick R. Marvin.*

In looking at the beautiful picture, "From Shore to Shore," how vividly life is presented to the eye! The boat with its precious freight crossing the river; the little children eagerly looking forward; the young man and maiden so rapt up in each other, absorbed in happy dreams; the family in the centre; the husband and father standing erect, looking intently before him; the wife gazing at him, with love and confidence in her eyes, caressing their little one; then the aged grandparents resting from their labors, he thinking of the past, not with regret, but happy and peaceful, while she is looking back to the shore they are leaving with sorrow in her face; then the boatman, Father Time, a jolly soul, is rowing them as fast as he can to the other side.

They are about midway in the river of life, but are drifting rapidly from the earthly to the heavenly shore,

which as yet they can hardly discern. But Faith and Hope will be their helpers, until the land of peace and happiness is reached.

This noble-hearted man had been a little child, a happy youth, even while burdened with care, and now had reached that point, when a gentle dignity and confidence in himself so well became him. He was a man whose advice and judgment were to be respected and sought after.

The mission to which Mr. Gerry had been called, and known as the Hanover Street Chapel, had been established and was supported by the "Benevolent Fraternity of Churches," being one of four chapels, then under their patronage. It was situated at the "North End" of Boston, in a building near the junction of Hanover and Salem Streets, and occupied three large halls, which were used for the various purposes of the mission. He was the successor of Rev. Wm. S. Scandlin, who had been the minister for three years. In coming to this new work, he brought with him the experience of five years of New York life, which had been of much value in fitting him to carry forward the work among the laboring class of Boston. The idea of the "Ministry at Large" was originated by Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, which was to provide free chapels for the poorer class, who were not able to attend the more expensive churches. They were to be looked upon as homes, where the worthy poor might come and feel as if they could pour the story of their wants and sorrows into a willing ear, and receive not only spiritual but substantial aid.

In after years Mr. Gerry would say that his greatest

joy and pride in his work, was that he had kept close to this idea of Dr. Tuckerman, and had endeavored to be a personal friend as well as a helper to his flock.

Mr. Gerry and his family were now to make a home in the good city of Boston, and found a suitable house on Hull Street, where they were within sound of the chimes on Christ Church, as they rang out the sacred music on Sundays, and the merry airs on holidays. Although Boston is a large city, still it has an air of quietude, after being in such a big, bustling world as New York. It would seem as if all were well-to-do, and hardly needed any one to look after them. But, as in New York, so in Boston, there were those who needed a helping hand at the right time, and a kindly interest to be taken in their welfare. So Mr. Gerry found that a great work was to be done, for "the poor ye always have with you." The work of the Mission had suffered, as Mr. Scandlin had not been with them for some months, and the Chapel had been closed.

At the first service, held in September, 1858, only a few persons were present. The Sunday school was small and needed life to be put into it, and suitable persons as teachers. It had rather a discouraging outlook; but, buckling on the armor of strength, he went forward to the battle. His creed was this: these verses were found, pinned in a book of Daily Prayer, which was in constant use:

"And every day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth—that, spite of sin and pain.
No life that God has given is lived in vain.

But each poor, weak and sin-polluted soul
Shall struggle free at last and reach its goal—
A perfect part of God's great, perfect whole,"

He began at once to make the daily rounds of visiting, looking up those who had been members, and finding out any who were without a church or Sabbath home, inviting such to come and worship God, in this good place provided for them. Then teachers must be found to help in this work, and his appeal for aid in this direction was gladly responded to. The singing in the Sunday School must be enlivened, and a new book with bright and cheerful music was introduced. As Mr. Gerry had a fine voice, he was able to lead in the singing of the hymns and tunes. The School soon began to show the good training; and the singing was really very fine. In fact the children improved so much, that the Hanover Street Chapel School was noted for its fine singing, and for a number of years, was invited to assist at some of the important meetings, during Anniversary Week. At one time the children were invited to furnish the singing at the meeting of the "Children's Mission," held in Rev. E. E. Hale's church. What a treat it was to them, and how heartily enjoyed, as they were taken in the "red line" coaches to the church, being very kindly received. They showed their gratitude by singing their best, and the audience was held to the last, by the beautiful and spirited music.

In speaking of the work of a "Minister at Large," "He was not only expected to conduct the Sunday services, but," to use his own words, "to visit the sick, attend funerals, feed the poor, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, and be hospitable to strangers." In this work good judgment must be used, and a faculty of distinguishing the worthy from the unworthy, is very valuable to the worker. "There are three classes among the

poor: the first are those, who, as long as they can find employment, and have good health, do not need any aid, but, in the time of sickness and sorrow, need just such a friend; the second class are those who have become old and infirm, unable to help themselves, and who dread being obliged to go to an almshouse; the third class are those who make it a business to beg, rather than work."

As the writer of this simple "Story of a Useful Life" wishes, if possible, to bring out and do justice to the work of the "Ministry at Large," which is among the noblest work in which the Unitarian Churches of Boston have been engaged during so many years, it is thought that the following quotations from the Annual Report of Rev. Mr. Winkley, for 1883, may add much to what has already been said of this peculiar work:

"He must, in addition to all this, find time to receive calls for hours at his home, in which, perhaps, he would do his most effectual work for character and happiness.

Besides, he must attend the many meetings of the week which seem to create themselves, and cannot be neglected.

Certainly this field would seem to be large enough; but he must never refuse to attend funerals, let the summons come from whom they may; nor pass by other special calls, though not always having a legitimate claim upon him. Nor must he limit himself even to spiritual or intellectual matters; for he will find that his flock has become his family, and that the members thereof will seek for counsel and aid in the most material and ordinary affairs.

To have a zeal according to knowledge in all these things he must not neglect his study.

It would seem that one who had thus been through the Ministry at Large would not wonder that such ministers have no time for anything else; he verily would discover the need of a good many more assistants.

Nor would he be surprised at two other facts: (1) that these

abundant labors are ever new and delightful, because the harvests are so plentiful and satisfactory ; and (2) that Christianity, in its truest sense, is the instrument used with so much force, that even if he were a Radical of the Radicals he would be compelled to say "There is no other name under heaven given among men," by which so effectually to save and elevate and abundantly bless individuals and homes.

What this visitor or fellow-laborer would learn by experience, we should only be most happy to describe in words to you. This, at its best, cannot be done. We can only indicate in these ways ; and greatly rejoice that there is such a ministry, and that we are permitted to continue our work therein.

Respectfully submitted,

S. H. WINKLEY.

BULFINCH PLACE CHAPEL,

March 31, 1883.

So the Minister at Large in his daily rounds, must meet with all these different people, doing for them as he thinks best. This was the work to which Mr. Gerry had been called, and bravely did he undertake to push its interests, and promote the best good among the people who came under his charge. The "North End," at that time, was a place of residence for many people of wealth, and beautiful, comfortable homes were to be found in all the adjacent streets. Then the poorer families also found rooms, where they could live according to their means, in other portions of this vicinity ; poor homes they were, sometimes, but in most cases kept clean and bright, with flowers growing in the windows, and the sun shining in to make all look cheerful.

As in New York, so here in Boston, Mr. Gerry made daily visits among these homes, in all weather and at all seasons. It was the first duty of the day to ascertain the wants of the people. He never rested until he was sure

that the wants of the needy ones had been supplied. What a cheery influence he carried about with him, and how welcome was his presence to his flock. What busy weeks and months he spent in arranging his work, to further the prosperity of the Chapel.

Besides the three services on Sunday, he made plans for extra meetings during each week. The following "Order of Exercises," prepared by him, and widely distributed through the North End, will give an idea of the character, and amount of work done in a short time:

HANOVER STREET CHAPEL,

164 HANOVER ST.

SEATS FREE.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

Every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 in the evening.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Three o'clock in the afternoon.

TEMPERANCE SERVICE

Third Sunday evening in each month.

COMMUNION SERVICE

First Sunday morning in each month.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERT

Last Sunday in each month.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

SINGING MEETING

First and Third Tuesday evenings in each month.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

SEWING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Re-opened the first Wednesday afternoon in December.

LECTURES

BY DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS

Second and Fourth Thursday evenings in each month.

MEETING FOR DEBATE

First and third Thursday evenings in each month.

YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETING.

Friday evening of each week.

A regular attendance upon our meetings is indispensable to their usefulness.

The Pastor may be seen on business at the Chapel, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of each week, between the hours of half-past six and half-past seven o'clock.

These untiring labors, after a while, began to be rewarded by an increase in numbers, and of renewed interest in all branches of the Chapel work. Young and old began to know Mr. Gerry, and learned to love him for his unselfish efforts in their behalf. *

The people who came within his influence, and who were constant attendants on the various services, were not all Americans, but many Swedes and people from Nova Scotia were among them. The fathers of the families were "longshoremen" and mechanics, who, when work was plenty, could provide a comfortable living, but without any luxuries or fine clothes. They were glad of this nice Chapel home, where they could go on Sunday; also send their little ones to be instructed, and to come under the influence of a person, of whom they could feel free to ask aid and counsel in times of sorrow and dirtress. Then the widows, left with their families to struggle out an existence, until the children could grow up, the old ladies who had been widowed for many years, and as time went on, their relatives and friends had all gone before, leaving them to the charity of the benevolent people, still they tried to keep a home about them, if only one little room, way up to the top story of some tenement house. One of these lone widows was his especial care, she was like little Miss Flite, in Bleak House, inasmuch as she was very small and thin, lively and chatty, her little room finding space for a favorite cat, flowers and, numerous birds, to keep her company; but not like her, in anticipation of a fortune to come to her, and a time that should arrive, when she would let all the birds free. Alas, poor little lady; the visits of Mr. Gerry and the aid which he gave, were her only dependence. She always took much comfort in speaking to him of her chronic ailments, "Neuragedy" and "Brownscreetus," with which she was afflicted.

A mother laid down her sewing, and gathered the children about her for awhile, until it should be time to

get the supper ready for the father, who had been away at work all day. As it grew darker the lamp was lighted, and the room looked quite cheerful, with the children playing about, making a noise. But it grew later so that they must have their supper, and go to bed; perhaps without seeing the father. It was even so, and as the clock pointed to eight, they were all sleeping soundly. But the mother took her sewing again, put more fuel on the fire, all the while wondering why her husband was so late. Still he did not come; she looked out of the window to find it was snowing, and the wind blowing a gale. It made her shiver even to look out. Where could he be, for it was now ten o'clock? She began to be much alarmed, and sought counsel of a neighbor in the house. As the time approached midnight, she knew that it was of no use to expect him, and fearing that some ill had befallen him, but not daring to leave her children to ascertain if it was so, all she could do was to wait through the long hours of that dreadful night. As soon as the morning light appeared, she roused the children, hastily prepared the breakfast, then, a neighbor going with her, went to East Boston, where her husband had been at work the day before, and had started for home at the usual time. On her return as they approached the pier, a crowd of people were seen earnestly talking together. She caught the words, "a man killed last night."

"Who is it?" she asked of one standing near, her heart throbbing with fear.

"Don't know marm, he fell off the boat and was crushed as it struck the wharf."

"Standing too near, I suppose."

Strange to say she did not even then think it could be her husband, but went with the crowd to look upon the body of the poor man, who had met with such a hard death, as he lay in a room near by. Alas for her, when she recognized the body of her husband, the father of her children. The crowd of men, rough though they were, wiped away the tears that had risen to their eyes, and silently withdrew, leaving her alone with her grief.

So this widow with her four little children dependent upon her, was left to her own exertions to earn a living for them. Mr. Scandlin had found the family out, and helped them to bear the burden as well as he could. When Mr. Gerry came to the Chapel, the mother and children were members of Church and Sunday School. His interest in them was at once awakened, and they always knew where to go for advice and assistance. As they grew up and prospered, marrying and making homes for themselves, they never forgot his kindness, and in times of joy or sorrow he was always thought of, and his presence, with that of his family, was always desired. A daughter of the family came to bring good wishes on his last birth-day, and wish him many happy years, but only five days after, he was gone from all earthly cares. When he was laid away in his long, peaceful sleep, he held in his hand four white roses, with a card attached, and the words, "From the poor widow's family."

It was a hard pull up the many stairs to "Aunt Nancy's" room. She would open the door in answer to the knock, saying, "Lor bless us honey; is that you? walk right in, take a cheer; Aunt Nance right glad to

see you." Then what a good talk she would have, pouring out all her troubles and joys to a sympathizing listener. As Mrs. Gerry and a lady interested in every good work, went to call one day on this old colored woman, they found her preparing a "hoe cake" for supper. She went on with her work and put the cake on the stove to bake. "Now honey, you jes watch that cake for Aunt Nance, and don't let it burn," said she, "while I go to fetch my old Bible for you to look at." The ladies laughed, but took good care not to let the precious cake burn, and she found it all right when she came back. What a contrast, the room with its meagre surroundings, the little stove, on which was the favorite "hoe cake," a reminder of her slavery days, and the ladies who were left in charge, and whose personal appearance and ways of living were so different; but the Holy Spirit was in their hearts, and they could come to see this poor old woman, bringing comforts to her, and even willing to help mind the "hoe cake" for her.

Entering a small room one hot day in summer Mr. Gerry looked around for the man who had sent for him, to come and see him but he was not visible. "Where is Mr. V. he asked of a woman who was preparing dinner. "I guess he is under the bed to keep cool, and must have fallen asleep." After awhile he was aroused, and appeared from under the bed, very much pleased to see his good Pastor and friend.

Many notes like the following were received constantly, and were always promptly attended to:

13 January, 1882.

REV. FATHER GERREY, Rector of hanover Street Church :

MOST REV. SIR :

Their his ten talents more haded to your wisdom, which God

as reveale to me, which is recorded in heaven for you, Rev. F Gerrey, for what you are doing for me, and I thank God for it, for I Could not rest untile I had written this Epistle, for all night long the glory of God was with me, for you.

Good by and God bless you Rev Sir.

I remain yours.

REVEREND

Will you please see to give my family to do them onthil next Monday, my wife came to see her sick mother. Yours.

In going to a box which he kept for the purpose, at a convenient place, he would find such epistles as these, asking for his immediate attention, and also acknowledging the receipt of kindness from him. These calls always received his attention at once, no one being neglected. It required much discernment, and knowledge of human nature, to deal justly with all the different classes of people who presented their wants to him. So well did he succeed, that all learned to love and respect him, for his never varying kindness on every occasion. He braved the storms of winter and the heat of summer, to look after their welfare. This work was often very encouraging, and also the reverse. It seemed at times as if his efforts were almost useless in dealing with the great question of charity; but then his creed, that "no life that God has given is lived in vain," would come to his aid; and even if ingratitude was shown in some cases, the good results in others brought reward.

Of the three halls used for Chapel purposes, the lower one was fitted up for the Church and Sunday-School room. It was a pleasant place, with numerous pictures hung on the walls, the platform at one end with the reading desk upon it. At first there was plenty of

room, but after a while the place was frequently filled to overflowing, with young and old. The upper room was used for various purposes, weekly meetings, sociables, and the festivals which took place during the year.

So the time flew by, the months grew into years, and the Chapel work went steadily on, gaining every year.

In his round of visiting and in the various departments of the mission work, Mr. Gerry was assisted by his wife, whose counsel and good judgment were much valued by him, in deciding matters of importance. One cold day in January he came home and said to her, "I wish you would go with me to visit a woman, whom I have just found out. I would like your advice in regard to what is the best way to help her, for she is in a deplorable state of destitution, and needs immediate attention." They soon were at the door of the room where she lived, and a poor place it was, being almost without furniture or fuel, and she had nothing to eat. The woman held in her arms a child, who was literally naked, its only covering being a part of the ragged shawl she had over her own shoulders. She told them that her husband had deserted her some months before, and she had vainly tried to support herself and child. "Drink was at the bottom of it all, Sir; for he was kind to me before he took to drinking." After talking with her they departed. He went to order fuel and food to be sent to the poor home. Mrs. Gerry went to her own home, thinking of the poor mother and her naked child, in the bitter, cold weather. Then she thought of her own little ones, whom she had lost a few years before, and remembered the little trunk upstairs, full of nice, warm clothes, and mementoes of her precious darlings, who had been called to the

Heavenly Father's care. The trunk had been packed and locked by her own hands, and had never been opened, since she had placed all their treasures in it. Hastily unlocking the trunk, she opened it and took out two full suits of clothing, for the destitute child, whom she had seen that day; then as soon as possible went with them to the poor home, so that the child could be warm and comfortable before night came.

The utter selfishness of her grief was revealed to her at that time, and the key was never again turned in the little trunk, until its contents were all distributed, for many cases of distress were met with, and had to be provided for.

The interest in the Hanover Street Chapel, by the different Unitarian Churches in Boston, had become universal, and many members assisted Mr. Gerry to carry on the work of the Mission. The success of such an enterprise, depends largely on having efficient helpers, and those who are interested, heart and soul, in the object of elevating and ennobling the minds of those who are so placed in the world, that the struggle for bread seems to be all they can think of. A pleasant church home and Sunday School, where they could feel free to come, and be sure of a warm welcome from kind friends and teachers, would draw these people, and keep them there.

Mr. Gerry also received much help from other friends, who did not call themselves Unitarians. They were helpers in the "Lord's Vineyard," ever ready to lend their aid, and promote his cause in the world. He had become well acquainted with all the brother ministers, settled over different parishes in all parts of the city. Besides his own especial charge, he became in-

terested in, and was an active member of many charitable societies. Father Taylor was one of his warmest friends, and how many talks they had discussing the best way to do the most good, for those under their care. Father Taylor, always enthusiastic, would put new life into any work which he might undertake, and as Mr. Gerry shared the same spirit, they could always find much to benefit each other in these long chats together. In after years, when the venerable man was failing, and not allowed to go far from home unattended, Mr. Gerry caught sight of him one day, in Charlestown where he then lived. Knowing that he must have gone out of the way, he spoke, inviting him into the house. "Are you not lost, Father Taylor, to be so far away from home?" "I don't know," he replied; "but, Brother Gerry, do you know that has always been the way with me? In order to find myself I have always had first to lose myself." Mr. Gerry went home with the good old man, and that was the last time he was allowed to take such a risk of getting lost. Although but a child at the time, how vividly we call to mind a never to be forgotten scene. Standing with hundreds of men, women and children near the State House, Boston, waiting for the arrival of regiments of soldiers from Maine, who were to pass through the city on their way to Washington, we were at last rewarded by the sight of some of the finest regiments that responded to the call of our Martyred President. Men who had left farms, homes, wives and children behind them, to stand up for the right, to help free the oppressed and to make this Nation a free country, in deed as well as in name. As they marched along, to

the sound of martial music, the South might well have trembled to see the courage, bravery and determination then displayed by them. Even now we see one of the saints of his day, Father Taylor, standing near us, weeping, saying, "Pretty boys! pretty boys! they are too good to kill." Ah! how many of those brave lads were stricken down and are sleeping in Southern graves. In childish wonder we looked at the venerable man, as he spoke those words, not realizing as he did the danger to which they were then hastening. Mr. Gerry also found a friend in Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, who was settled over the Unitarian Society at the North End, during the earlier days of his coming to Boston, and received much assistance and many labors of love from him. How many names might be spoken who lent a helping hand to further this noble work. The name of Dr. Gannett brings many memories with it. Always the same staunch friend and good counsellor, whenever this laborer among the poor and lowly wanted sympathy and advice, in regard to some vexed question which must be settled. A very warm place the Ministers at Large seemed to hold in the heart of this noble man. Mr. Gerry usually found his way to the study of this friend weekly, meeting with a warm welcome at every visit. It so happened that he did not find the opportunity of seeing Dr. Gannett for a short time, but as he had written him on a matter of importance, he received a note asking him to call. On entering his study at the hour appointed, Dr. Gannett met him with a warm grasp of the hand, but with a look of sadness so peculiar to him at times. "Brother Gerry, how have I offended you?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Offended me? Never! Why do you ask me that?"

I thought by your note that you must be offended with me, for you commenced it with Dr. Gannett, Dear Sir.” “How should I begin it?” said Mr. Gerry, smiling. “Always say, Dear Brother Gannett, then I shall know it is all right,” and his own heavenly smile, that his friends remember so well, beamed over his countenance. “My reason for addressing you as I did was the great respect in which I hold you, my dear sir, but I will hereafter do as you desire.” So this pure soul was ever ready to be a friend and brother to all mankind, never thinking of himself or his own great powers, but only of the good he could do others. He would always stand ready to help Mr. Gerry by coming to the Chapel on Sunday evenings, giving one of his talks, so full of wisdom and good advice. Mr. Gerry had been depending upon him to preach on a certain evening. The hour for beginning the service had arrived, but Dr. Gannett had not appeared. Mr. Gerry commenced with the introductory services, when he at last came in, saying to him, “That he was not very well, and did not care to preach that evening.” Of course the meeting must go on, and a hymn was given out. It was entitled the “Shining Shore,” which is so soul-inspiring, and as the music rolled out, all joining in the singing, Dr. Gannett, who had been sitting with his hand over his eyes, seeming much wearied, arose hastily, took a book and joined in the singing, his whole appearance being changed in a moment, and a glorious smile lighting up his face. “*I will preach*, Brother Gerry,” said he. It seemed as if he was inspired that evening, as he stood there in that little Chapel room, giving forth such glowing words of comfort and exhortation. As he went on, the sounds of

"Amen! Amen!" could frequently be heard, as old Aunt Nancy thus expressed her feelings in response to the words spoken by Dr. Gannett. He noticed the sound, and afterwards inquired what it was. "Was any one sick?" "No, it was only Aunt Nancy, the old colored woman, saying Amen, because she liked what you was saying." "Oh, this has been a glorious meeting, Brother Gerry," said he, after the services were over. All fatigue was gone, he had been lifted out of himself, and carried almost to the portals of the heavenly world where he was, indeed, soon to join the friends who had reached the "Shining Shore." Mr. Gerry's family will never forget the excitement which was caused in their midst, when the dear father came home that sad Monday morning after the Revere accident, and with an agony of grief told them that Dr. Gannett was killed. It was a sad sight to see the strong man so overcome with sorrow, and reminded them of the old scripture story of the translation of Elijah: "And Elisha saw it, and he cried, my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." It was the custom to invite any one who wished, to speak on the subject of the sermon. Aunt Nancy told her "speriance," and described the glories awaiting her, when she reached the "Shining Shore," of the golden streets, of the joy and happiness when all could sing, "Glory to the Lamb." "You may laf, chilluns, but you won't know old Aunty Nance when she gits to Heaven, for she'll be as white as white folks is *dere*."

So from day to day, and week to week, the duties poured in upon this faithful minister to the poor, but he was always to be found at his post, like a pilot at the

wheel, to guide his ship aright, looking out for breakers ahead, or rocks upon which it might founder. During the years that Mr. Gerry labored at the North End, the country went through its terrible struggle, the Civil War. As this war affected every individual in the nation, either with the loss of friends, or the hard times incident to such a calamity, and his people suffered much in many ways. The calls upon him for aid during this long period were never ceasing, and he often felt as if he could not do half he wished, in response to the needs presented to him. Then, during the time when Boston was visited by a loathsome plague, his flock were sufferers, and many a bright young life went out, and many vacant places were left in the Church and Sunday School.

The foreign element was very prominent at the North End, but the Catholic population seldom found their way into the Chapel religious services. But as Mr. Gerry had become a fixture at the North End, and his name a household word, it was understood that he was able to assist the needy. Oftentimes applications made to him for help, were by those who would not come under his charge, but wished to get all the aid they could in every direction. A sharp ring at the door bell one day, and when the summons was answered it brought to view a woman, with the unmistakable map of Ireland on her face.

“Who would you like to see, my good woman?”

“I want to see the gentleman who has got something to give away. Don’t know his name, marm.”

Mr. Gerry responded to the call, and assured the woman that her case would be investigated at once, if

she was in need, but that it was not his business to give away money, without looking into the case of the applicant. It required "Faith, Hope and Charity," especially Charity, to deal with the different people who came to him daily for aid.

What busy years, full of work and care, but still happy ones, as the Mission was blest and prospered. He was blessed with good health, and strength was given him to carry out his work. It would have seemed strange to the people of the North End, not to see Mr. Gerry going about the streets every day, intent on doing his good work among the poor. Day by day, and evening after evening, he was either in their homes or at the Chapel rooms, giving them counsel to uplift their minds, or substantial aid, that they might have strength to help themselves in their daily life of toil. How the people loved him, and his name was always spoken with reverence by young and old. The influence of this good man was felt throughout the whole vicinity, and he was always treated with great respect. Passing along the street he would often see the old ladies, who were not members of his flock, but of the Catholic church, cross themselves as they passed by. He would always acknowledge these salutations, with a smile and bow as courteous as if to royalty. He truly followed in the footsteps of his Master, Jesus Christ, in his walks among the poor and lowly, and had caught the spirit of love and charity for all mankind. His courteous bearing to all persons, in every station of life was evidence of a noble nature, which sees good in every person and a soul worth saving. Then the festivals of the different seasons, the picnics, the meetings on Sundays and week days, filled up the months and years with pleasant duties.

Many changes came; old age, disease and death, with the removals from the vicinity, made constant inroads into the circle which gathered about the Chapel home. Still, like the "name written upon the sand," the places were filled by others, and the Mission was prosperous in numbers and results of the work done. It began to be felt that the Chapel was getting rather too small for the various meetings held there from time to time. After a number of years it was thought best to change, and a commodious Hall on the opposite side of Hanover street was nicely fitted up. This was a great improvement, and the work went on with renewed interest.

During the march of time the foreign population had been steadily increasing, and many of the old families had removed to other parts of the city. As they departed their homes were occupied by foreigners, who crowded the offices of the charitable societies asking for aid, but were never to be found in any church but their own. Mr. Gerry was assisted in carrying on this work by the benevolent men and women of Boston, and received help from many sources, both private and public. In helping the poor, it is thought to be much the best way, by people of means, to place funds in the hands of competent persons trained in the work, who can dispense these benefits with much better results, than by those who give on the impulse of the moment without investigation of the cases presented. How many kind notes were received from the noble men of Boston, enclosing funds to relieve the poor and needy. The white missives are well remembered, as they came to hand regularly, sent by that noble-souled man who has gone to

his reward, saying that he desired the enclosed funds should be given to the widows of the Chapel. While he was planning for the erection of the Unitarian building, could still find room in his large heart for the humble poor, and kept the "Poor's Purse" of the Ministers at Large well filled, for their use in this missionary work. Our faith would almost lead us to see the glories of Heaven, and hear the sounds of rejoicing, as the pure soul of such a man entered the "Gates Ajar," and we could wish, like poor "Uncle Tom," to get very near the portals as he did, when his darling Eva died. Never forgetful, a remembrance was sent to the widow of this minister, who had been called "Home" some time previous, and only a few days before his own summons came. So this Minister at Large of the Hanover Street Chapel, stood firm and strong in the centre of the boat, looking steadily forward to the future, planning for the prosperity of this Mission, brave and courageous to go on with his work.

CHAPTER VII.

DAILY WORK.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

IN the old Puritan days the fathers of the families; with their guns on their shoulders, the wives and children grouped about them, could be seen every Sunday wending their way through the forests to the little "Meeting House," where they assembled to thank the Heavenly Father, for giving them a home in which they could worship God in "freedom and in truth." The guns were very necessary to have at hand, to ward off any danger from the attacks of enemies, who lurked about in the depths of the wild wood. It was truly a meeting of friends, as the different families of the Colony entered this room, which was a Sabbath home to them. The mothers, with the little ones in their arms, the older children looking very sedate, as became Puritan boys

and girls, the young men and maidens casting furtive glances at each other, the stalwart men standing guard at the door, so that the Indians lying in ambush, might not fall upon these brave settlers of a New World, and kill or capture this band of worshippers. Then the saintly preacher, standing up before them, giving words of comfort and encouragement to these people, who had left their native land for principle and duty. What a picture for the people of our modern days to look back upon, and admire the brave spirit of these early colonists. Very little of pleasure or leisure fell to their lot, but they persevered, and founded a settlement of which their descendants can truly be proud. These little churches, scattered about, were far from commodious, lacking all ornament, bare and cheerless, but made warm and bright by the cheerful spirit of those who came to "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

What a contrast between these Puritan churches and the modern ones which now ornament Boston. In these days it is deemed necessary not only to have handsome church edifices, but all must be made attractive to the ear and eye. There must be so much done to call the people in, and keep them there, so that they may not go about like wandering sheep seeking for a fold. Every device is used that may appeal to the social side of human nature, as the old Puritan spirit of duty has grown less as all these modern advantages have increased. Although so differently situated, the rich and poor are alike in this respect, that they are attracted by anything new and strange. The most wealthy churches and the humble Mission Chapels have the same elements to satisfy. So in this Hanover Street Mission Chapel, it was

found necessary to have every day and evening devoted to some meeting or gathering, that the people might be interested, as well as instructed; and thereby held firmly in their feelings to this good home which was ever open to them. Every month and season brought its own especial duties, and everything was done which could advance the interests of the Chapel.

There were three services on Sunday, all of which Mr. Gerry conducted. The morning service was like a home circle, as he gathered the members of his flock around him, giving them a practical talk, and leading the listeners to think of the higher life, putting aside the troubles and vexations of this earthly pilgrimage for a season. He would sometimes read a poem, which might help to solve the problem of life and its surroundings. The following little story in verse was very much liked and appreciated:

TURN THE CARPET.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat—
So high a weaver scarce could eat.

“What, with my babes and sickly wife,”
Quoth Dick, “I’m almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
’Tis more than mortal man can bear.

“How glorious is the rich man’s state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heav’n is unjust, you must agree.
Why all to him? why none to me?

“In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I’ve thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know—
'Tis all that men can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there;
So rude the mass, it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
The carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is all in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that carpet's *inside out*."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world which clouds thy soul in doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out."

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look so odd,
They're working out some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern can we trace—
All want proportion, truth and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

"What now seems random strokes, will there
All order and design appear.
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then *the carpet shall be turned.*"

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

The evening service was always an interesting one and fully attended. There were many of his people, the mothers especially, who could not leave their home and family cares in the morning, but could find the opportunity to be present at the evening service. Also many friends from various parts of the city were interested to visit the Chapel on Sunday evenings. The meetings were full of interest, as all were invited to speak on the subject presented in the sermon. During six months of the year, Mr. Gerry was assisted by the brother ministers of Boston and vicinity in these evening meetings, and thus the residents of the North End had the privilege of listening to the most able preachers of the day. What stirring words were spoken, and eloquent appeals made to the congregation to live righteously, deal justly, and to thank God for the blessings they received from day to day. Then the singing, led by Mr. Gerry, added so much to the service, as all the people lifted up their voices to praise their Creator. Such familiar names as those of Dr. Gannett, Dr. Lothrop, Dr. Morrison, Rev. Mr. Tilden, Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Dr. Bartol, Rev. Edward E. Hale, "Father Taylor," Rev. Mr. Winkley, Rev. Rufus Ellis, and many others, were always willing to give this busy missionary a "labor of love."

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

What a pleasant sight it was to look in upon the Hanover Street Sunday School, to see every seat occupied by the children and their teachers, their faces all aglow with interest, as they joined in the exercises and the spirited hymns, their young voices being led and sustained by the Pastor. How the music rolled out, as the refrain of "Homeward Bound" was taken up, or the words of the hymn, "Beacon Light":

"Oh, the light is flashing brightly,
From a calm and stormless shore,
Where we hope to cast our anchor
When our voyaging is o'er."

Then the stirring words and music of the "Sunday School Army":

"Oh, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the right,"

were taken up with renewed spirit. At Christmas time the lovely music suitable for that season, was always ready, and "Three Kings of Orient," "Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices," and "Glory to God," were some of the favorite selections. Besides the younger children, there were large classes of the older boys and girls, the young men and young ladies, and a Bible Class for the men and women belonging to the Chapel. They all attended regularly, being much attached to their faithful teachers. The infant class, which was under the charge of Mrs. Gerry, numbered from forty to fifty scholars, and they were always present, ready to say

the verses which had been taught them. How their eyes would brighten when the teacher asked how many had learned the verses she had given them the Sunday before. The little hands would all come up, but when she asked one of them to repeat it, could only say a word or two, or another would say, "My baby tore my verse all up," or "I lost my verse going home." Such pretty little folks they were, it was a pleasure to look upon them. A small girl appeared one Sunday who had just come from England. Her name was Rosa, a real English rose, as the teacher named her; such red cheeks and bright blue eyes, with a shy look in them; she looked like a picture. Then the Jewish children, with dark hair and black eyes, for this strange people allowed their little ones to attend the Sunday School. In the old Chapel the audience room was so crowded that they went to the upper hall, so that they might repeat the lessons and sing their songs without disturbing, or being disturbed, by the rest of the school. Then they need not keep so very quiet, for the restless spirits wanted freedom. For many years Mrs. Gerry guided them in the right path, until her health failed and she was obliged to give up what was to her such a pleasant duty. Then her place was filled by the eldest daughter, who continued the work of instructing the little ones of the flock. It required patience and perseverance to implant in their minds the love of God and of the dear Jesus Christ, who was once a little child like each one of them. To show the way to follow him, and to live good lives as he did, to love each other, doing as many good acts as they could every day, at home and at school. Then, if they were very attentive, the teacher would read them a story, which was eagerly listened to

by the children, and the lovely, generous spirit shown in these verses, could be imitated by all, young and old:

JESUS' SEAT.*

Far, far away o'er the deep blue sea
Lived a man who was kind as kind could be.
He loved little children, and spread every day
A table from which none went empty away.
Poor children came in from the alley and street,
With rags on their backs and no shoes on their feet ;
Girls and boys, large and small, some naughty and rude,
But John Falk loved them all and did them all good.
And while they were eating, he often would tell
Of the Lord Jesus Christ, who on earth did once dwell ;
How he loved little children—each one of them there
He was watching from heaven with tenderest care—
And how happy and blessed would be the child's part,
Who would let that dear Saviour come dwell in his heart.
Each day when the children assembled to eat,
He taught them to offer this grace for their meat :
“ Bless, Jesus, the food thou hast given us to-day,
And come and sup with us, dear Jesus, we pray.”

But once when the children had finished this prayer,
One poor little fellow stood still by his chair
For a moment, then ran to the closet where stood
The bright cups of tin and the platters of wood.
“ Now what is the matter ? ” said Falk to the child.
The little one looked in his kind face and smiled.
“ We asked the Lord Jesus just now in our grace
To sup with us here ; but we've given him no place.
If He should come in, how sad it would be !
But I'll put him a stool close here beside me.”

Then the boy, quite contented, sat down to his food ;
He was hungry and tired, and his supper was good !
But a few moments after a knock at the door,

* Published by the *American Tract Society*.

A knock low and timid, one knock and no more.
He started to open it, hoping to meet
The Lord Jesus Christ come to look for his seat ;
But when it was open he no one could see,
But a poor little child, much poorer than he ;
His face, blue with hunger, his garments, so old,
Were dripping with rain, and he shivered with cold.
“ Come in ! ” cried the boy, in a tone of delight,
“ I suppose the Lord Christ could not come here to-night,
Though we asked him to come and partake of our bread,
So he’s just sent you down to us here in his stead.
The supper is good, and we’ll each give you some,
And tell the Lord Christ we are glad you have come.”

From that time, when the children assembled to eat,
There was always one place called “ The Lord Jesus’ seat.”
And the best that they had was placed there each day
For one who was poorer and hungrier than they,
And the Lord Jesus Christ, in reply to their grace,
Sent always some person to sit in his place ;
And sweet was the food that the Lord did provide
For the stranger he sent them to eat at their side.

Dear friends, who have read this short story, you know
The words that our Saviour once spake when below ;
If we wish for his presence to hallow our bread,
We must welcome the stranger he sends in his stead.
When we set out our feasts this our motto must be—
“ As ye do to my poor, ye have done unto me ! ”

FRANCES EASTWOOD.

LITTLE WILL.

A great crowd of people had gathered around
A small ragged urchin stretched out on the ground
In the midst of the street ; and some cried, “ For shame ! ”
And others, “ Can any one tell us his name ? ”
For that poor little body, now bleeding and still,
Was all that was left of once bright little Will.

A great heavy cart had come rattling that way
Where Willie and others were busy at play,
And the poor little fellow, now stretched on the stones,
Seemed only a mass of bruised flesh and crushed bones.
But still there was life ; and a kind doctor said,
“ We must take the child home and put him to bed.
He must have all the care we can possibly give,
And it may be the poor little fellow will live.”

But alas for poor Willie, he *had* no nice home ;
He lived in an alley, in one little room ;
And his poor mother, working from earliest light,
Had often no supper to give him at night.
But joy for poor Willie ! for not far away
From the place where all bleeding and shattered he lay,
Is a very large house standing back from the street,
With everything round it so quiet and neat,
Which many good people had built in His name
Who healed all the sick, when from heaven he came ;
And who promises blessings that ever endure,
To those who shall comfort the sick and the poor.
So there in a room, large and cheerful and bright,
Little Willie was laid on a pillow so white.
The walls with bright pictures were covered all o'er ;
Will never had seen such a clean place before.
Long rows of small beds, with small tables between,
The coverlids white, and the beds painted green ;
And so many children, all sick, but so bright,
Will almost forgot his great pain at the sight.
But the poor little boy suffered terrible pain,
When the good surgeon came to examine again
Those poor little limbs ; and he said that next day
He must bring his sharp knives and cut both legs away.
Oh ! how could he bear it ? Oh ! what should he do ?
So small and alone, he could never get through.
And then he knew well that he never could run,
And play with the boys as before he had done.
Poor Willie ! he felt that in all that great city
There was no one to help him and no one to pity.

It was night ; in the hospital ward all was still,
Save the low moans of anguish from poor little Will.
When a dear little girl in the very next bed
Turned round on her pillow, and lovingly said,
“ Little boy, what’s the matter ; are you very ill ? ”
“ Oh yes,” said poor Willie, “ and, what is worse still,
The doctor is going to hurt my leg so
To-morrow ; I never can bear it, I know.”
“ But Jesus will help you,” said dear little Sue ;
“ He suffered and died, you know, Willie, for you.”
The child was astonished, and thus made reply :
“ Why, Susie, who’s Jesus, and what made him die ? ”
“ O, Willie ! how sad ; I thought every one knew .
You don’t go to Sunday-school ; is n’t that true ? ”
“ No, I never have been,” the boy made reply ;
“ But tell me of Jesus, and what made him die.”

“ Well, Jesus,” said Susie, “ came down long ago,
Because he was sorry we all suffered so,
And would be so naughty. And he was a child,
Just as little as we, but so gentle and mild.
And when he grew up, he went all through the land
And healed all the sick with a touch of his hand ;
And he took little children right up on his knee—
O, Willie, I wish it had been you and me.
But soon cruel men caught Jesus one day,
And beat him and mocked him and took him away.
And nailed him with nails to a great cross of wood.
Oh, was n’t it hard, when he’d done them such good ?
How he must have loved us to die on the tree.”
“ But,” said Willie, “ if he’s dead, how can he help *me* ? ”
“ Why, I’ll you,” said Susie ; “ though now he’s in heaven
In the Book he has left us a promise is given,
That whene’er we want him he’ll come to our aid,
I’m so sure he loves me, I’m never afraid.
I know that he comes to this hospital here ;
And though folks can’t *see* him, they *feel* he is near.
I know, for I’ve tried it again and again,
He helps us bear sickness and sorrow and pain.”
“ Oh, how good ! ” said the boy, with a long thankful sigh.

“ But I am so small that he might pass me by ;
So I'll put up my hand, just so he can see,
Then he'll know that I want him, and come right to me.”

When the bright sun peeped in on that little white bed,
The hand was still raised, but dear Willie was dead !
The sad look of pain had gone from his face,
And the sweetest of smiles had taken its place ;
For far off in heaven, that beautiful land,
Kind Jesus had seen little Will's lifted hand ;
The smile on his face Jesus' kissing had given,
And he waked in the morning with Jesus in heaven.

Dear friends, who have read this sweet story, you see
That trusting in Jesus will save you and me.
Oh, that all who of Jesus' great mercy have heard,
Would, like dear little Willie, *take Him at his word.*

M. L. V. W.

The Bible class under the charge of Mr. Gerry, which was composed of the fathers and mothers, also any other grown person who wished to study the word of God. Many sermons, although short, he preached to them on morality, temperance, honesty, and his words sank deeply into their souls, as the efforts made by them to live good, pure lives, and bring the children up in the way they should go proved to the faithful friend. After the removal to the larger Chapel this class was divided, and the women were under the charge of Mrs. Manning, who became much interested in these grown-up scholars. Her influence was very great, and she was able to do much good among them. The memory of this faithful teacher is still with them. After she was obliged to give up this duty, her place was supplied by Miss Cobb, who carried on this labor of love for a long time. In every Sunday School there

are always to be found some unruly spirits, which are very trying to the teachers, and at times it seems as though they might as well be talking to the idle winds that blow, for the good lessons seem to pass by unheeded, and the teacher goes away feeling dissatisfied with the work done. These giddy boys and girls do not mean to be ungrateful, but they can't help playing and wasting the precious time. Some of these idle ones were found among the scholars in this school. In one class of boys, under the care of a kind and devoted man, was a boy who especially gave so much trouble to his teacher he felt that he must have him removed from the class, and perhaps dismissed from the school. But Mr. Gerry decided that he must remain in the class, and be influenced, if possible, to be a good boy. True to his creed he saw the better side of this wild nature. So after many talks on the danger he was in, if he did not try to live a pure and noble life, said that hereafter he should expect him to be one of the best pupils in the school. The heart of the rough lad was touched, and his love for this kind friend knew no bounds. As time went on he became one of the best behaved boys in the school, doing all he could to help his beloved Pastor. When in his young manhood he left his home to answer the call of his Country, he never forgot the happy days spent at the Chapel, or the lessons of the faithful minister who had shown him the way to live rightly. When in camp, on the field of battle, or in the hospital, his thoughts would go back to the pleasant Chapel rooms, and he could see the faces of his loved companions and friends, just as he last looked upon them, beaming with health and happiness. He remembered the words of advice given by Mr. Gerry, when

temptation came in the way, making him able to turn away from evil doing and cling to the right. When he was called upon in the dreadful Libby Prison to give his young life for his Country's sake, he was able to offer up this sacrifice with a brave heart, sustained by the hope of a future and a faith in God, which had been implanted in his mind by all the lessons learned in his days at the Chapel. Letters were frequently received from him while in the army by Mr. Gerry, breathing the love and interest he bore for the Chapel home, showing the lasting influence of the good teaching he had received while there:

HEADQUARTERS HEAVY ARTILLERY,
14th Mass. Regt., Co. G,
Fort Albany, Feb. 9th, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I now take the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and hope you are the same.

Since I last wrote to you we have been made heavy Artillery, which I like much better than infantry.

I had a letter from mother, and she said that you had a anniversary and Mr. Scandlin was to it, and I hope that you all had a good time. We have out here prayer meetings three times a week and temperance meetings twice a week, so you see for all we are out here they do not forget God.

There was three fellows got a pass to go over to Washington this morning, and to-night they come home so drunk that they could hardly stand, so much for being a drunkard.

there is no news to write about just now. give my love to your wife and children. Although to-night is sunday, there is some playing cards in there bearth. No more just now.

From one of your Sunday school scholars and church members.

1862 Friday June the 20
Encamp near Richmond

Mr. Gerry: I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how I get along I wrote to you once before and did not re-

ceave any letter from you. I em in good helth and i hope you are the same I should like to know how the sunday schools gets along and how Mr Barrot gets along he was my sunday school teacher give my love to your Wife and son and little girl and give my love to the whole of the sunday School teachers and children I see — and he sends his love to you and all the children in the sunday school Mr Gerry i have ben in 2 battles since i have ben out here one at West Point and the other at Fair oak they were both prety hard battles a battle is not a very pleasant place to be in When the Shots and shells come over your head Battle is the most dreadful thing that was ever none I should sooner be in the sunday school than to be in all the battles that was ever none Ven i ferst went in to battle i thought it was fun But before it was over I found it wasent very good fun We expect a battle every day General Macclenon came around and told all the regiments that one more battle would end the war and we all hope it will come off soon we expect a contest every day if they dont attact us pretty soon we will them Give ous liberty and that is all We will have liberty wether the rebles like it or not.

OFF WILMINGTON, Nov. 28, 1863.

MR. GERRY — Dear Sir: I take an opportunity which now offers to write a few lines to you, hoping they will find you in good health and the Sunday School in a prosperous condition. A letter from you would have pleased me much, as I am always glad to hear from near friends, especially from you and the Sunday School scholars, as I always held a great regard for you both.

I suppose you all are enjoying the pleasures of Thanksgiving, and hope you passed a better one than I did. In fact, it was as good a one as I could expect, as I am far away from the comforts of home and even from those privileges of port. The only thing that I saw that you also experienced, no doubt, was the cold weather.

It was not so cold as I have experienced up North at the same time; but in proportion to the previous weather down here, it was cold enough for us to wear an overcoat.

Thanksgiving night, at nine o'clock, the James Adger captured a small schooner laden with salt. She was trying to run in, and when they found the steamer, the crew had left her and took to the boats and went ashore.

There is not much of importance going on now down here, only

we expect to see plenty of excitement as soon as the moon is down all night, for those are the nights that the blockade runners try to get in. I suppose you have heard what the fleet has done, by the way of capturing prizes, through that source whence all news flows, the papers.

— — — sends his best respects, and would have written only he was hurt by falling from aloft last week. No bones were broken, but he was bruised and is very weak yet. He and I often wish that we could be at home, so as to go to some of the Sunday School festivals. Remember us both to all the scholars of the school, and please let us know how they are getting along.

From your scholar, ———.

FORT MCHENRY, Oct. 4th, '64.

MR. GERRY: It was with much pleasure that I perused a letter, received to-day, written by you. I hope you will excuse my delay in not writing to you before to-day, but my correspondence has been somewhat extensive since I have been away, and I was obliged to neglect some of my friends at home. Although I have not written to them, still they are not forgotten. I think many a time of the numerous hours, very pleasant too, that I have passed at the Chapel. On Sundays especially, when half-past ten came it seemed as though I must proceed to the Chapel. We have inspection Sundays at ten o'clock, which is generally over by half-past ten; the rest of the day there is nothing to do.

We were first quartered at Mankin's Woods, then at Fort McHenry, then at Fort Marshall, and now again at Fort McHenry. At Fort Marshall we have spent the most of our term of service, being there seven weeks. It was situated on the summit of Murray Hill in Canton, about one and a half miles from the centre of Baltimore. It was a splendid situation, there being a splendid view from the ramparts of the fort. Every visitor there remarked how splendid the prospect was. Although we had clean barracks here and other accommodations also, still it was very sickly. Many of the three companies of the regiment stationed, there being sick with the chills and fever, very similar to the great Southern complaint, fever and ague. The regiment has not been together a great deal since we came out here. Three companies were at Fort Marshall, five companies at Federal Hill, and the balance at

Fort McHenry and Fort Carroll. The last is an unfinished fortification in the harbor of Baltimore, below Fort McHenry.

On Saturday night last we received orders to pack up for a march. This was after we had turned in for the night and it was raining hard. About two o'clock Sunday morning three companies of the 91st N. Y. Regiment arrived to relieve us. We were ready to march from 10 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, till 6.30 o'clock Sunday morning, when we finally did march. We arrived at Fort McHenry between 8 and 9 o'clock Sunday morning, and were quartered in the 91st N. Y. Regiment's barracks. To-night we received orders to pack up and go into shelter tents on our camp ground here. We shall move again in the morning. There is some talk of being detailed throughout the department to keep quiet at the approaching State election in Maryland, which occurs on the 12th.

Please remember me to all the Sunday school scholars, and also all members of the Chapel. Tell them I shall be with them again soon. I hope to hear from you again soon, as it affords me a good deal of pleasure to hear from one who has proved so good a friend to me; and now at the close allow me to thank you for the many kindnesses you have shown to me and mine. Although there are many miles between us, the memory of them is still fresh in my mind. Give my best respects to Mrs. Gerry. It is nearly time for roll-call, so I must close.

As the years went by, those who had been little children when Mr. Gerry first began his ministry at the North End had now become young men and maidens. They still kept up their interest in the Sunday School, and were of great help in carrying forward the work. They could do much to make the different occasions, especially the Sunday School concerts, a success. Having been so well trained they were fine singers and speakers. Many dialogues and beautiful cantatas were prepared and given by these young people, who had been pupils, and many of them medal scholars, in the public schools. They had gone forth into the busy world to earn their livelihood,

taking positions of trust and filling them with credit. But they clung to the spot which had been such a pleasant place to them, and the love which they bore to the beloved Pastor never faltered. These grown boys and girls became teachers, librarians, and helpers in many ways, repaying their own faithful teachers and friends with interest.

Every means was employed to make the Sunday School a success, and a promoter of good among the people; also to influence those who had no church or Sunday school to make this Mission their religious home. The school was fortunate in always having good teachers, although at times it lacked in numbers to make the work easy, and the classes were too large for those who had the charge of them. Sunday after Sunday they came to this Chapel to give their time and interest in forwarding this good work. Each year there were some new faces, but many of these good friends were seen from season to season, putting their whole souls into the work of implanting the good seed in the minds and hearts of these children.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERTS.

The Sunday School concerts were always very enjoyable, and the programmes, which were carefully prepared, reflected great credit on the ability of the school, and also bore evidence of the thought, given by the Pastor to make them such a success. He spent much time in training the scholars both in speaking and singing, giving it his personal attention. He was assisted in this work by the organist, who for many years stood by the Mission, and the kindly face of Mr. Gould was a familiar one to the children. After he had passed on

before, his work was carried forward by his daughter, Miss Eva Duff, who nobly filled his place. On these occasions the school entered into the services with great energy, and the bright and cheerful hymns, the pretty verses, and the reading of suitable selections, were all well rendered. Mr. Gerry usually invited some friend or brother minister to address the audience, and they always found appreciative listeners. What a cheerful picture, to watch the happy groups of children as they came out from the Sunday School, their hands full of Sunday School papers and books to read during the week, their hearts overflowing with the good thoughts, the teachers had planted in these little gardens, hoping that they might bring forth good seed. A bright young lad said to his teacher:

“I think I am quite a Christian now days.”

“Why do you think so, my dear?”

“Well, I say ‘Our Father’ every night now, so I must be a Christian,” replied he.

That boy grew up to be a noble young man, the pride of his parents and a joy to his friends, but his work was early done, as he was called to see the face of “Our Father,” just when he had reached the beginning of his young manhood.

It was the duty of the delegates from the Fraternity of Churches, to visit the Chapel services quite often, and so were able to judge of the ways and means used to carry on this big family. It seemed as though all went away with the feeling, that every effort was being made to benefit the Mission.

BOYS' MEETING.
 EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
 AT THE
Hanover St. Chapel,
 NO. 164 HANOVER STREET,
 Commencing JANUARY 8th, at 7 o'clock.

Speaking to the Boys:

Singing by the Boys:

**Come along! Boys, and bring
 all you can with you.**

In the early days of his ministry at the "North End," this card was issued and widely distributed, which resulted in a prosperous work among the boys in that section of the city. The upper room in the old Chapel was fitted up with long tables, on which were placed the best illustrated papers of the day, various games, dissected maps, all giving variety to the amusements furnished them. After the boys had busied themselves for an hour, some gentleman who had been assisting, would speak to them on a subject both interesting and instructive, which, with singing by the boys, made a very lively meeting and an enjoyable evening.

LETTER FROM GOV. ANDREW.

April 9th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: I find it is quite out of the question for me to attempt to visit your boys' meeting to-night. I would gladly be there, if I might, and feast my eyes and ears with the sight of so pleasant

and good an institution, and the hearing of the melody of the hymns of devotion. If any boy could but feel how every honest and manly heart, and every tender and womanly one, bounds with delight and admiration inspired by the character of a modest, dutiful, truthful, unselfish, noble-hearted boy, he would not fail to try to deserve such love.

Yours sincerely,

J. A. ANDREW.

The Magic Lantern, with its views of places of interest at home and abroad, was always considered a great treat for them. These meetings became very popular, and the room was crowded with boys of all ages, every evening. As Mr. Gerry would be going on his daily rounds oftentimes a group of little urchins would run after him, saying:

"Please, sir, can we come to your 'puzzlin' school?"

"Yes, my young men, if you will obey the rules and come with clean hands and faces," he would say in his pleasant manner, which always won the hearts of the young people.

In New York this work had been established for the "News Boys" particularly, but in Boston, all boys who desired were admitted, if they were well behaved while there. The best of influence was brought to bear on these young lads during the session, and the roughest spirits became gentle, while in the presence of this dignified man. They recognized the purity of his spirit, rough though they were. This Boys' Meeting was opened every season for a number of years, but as the most efficient helper and supporter, Deacon Grant, was called away by death, and it was found so hard to fill his place, the meeting was merged into a Literary Club.

A great interest was felt in this work of the Boys' Meeting by Miss Mary Ann Wales and Mrs. Robert T.

Paine of the First Church. After a time they carried forward this idea with the assistance of friends, and instituted a similar work in another part of the city for "News Boys."

UNITED BROTHERS OF BOSTON.

This society was formed in 1860, and was the source of great improvement to the minds and morals of the members.

PREAMBLE.

"We, the undersigned, unite together for mutual improvement and assistance, and will strive to do to each other as we would be done by, in the Spirit of our Saviour. We will render to each other mutual help in all sickness, or other want of body, mind, or soul, and we will ask help of each other as readily as we offer it. For these purposes we unite in this Society, undertaking to do such duty for the Society as the proper officers may request — to sustain its character — to assist each other by strict temperance and purity of life, and by fulfilling the duties of good citizens and friendly neighbors."

It would seem by this, that if these men lived up to the ideas here set forth, they would be good husbands, fathers, and trusty citizens. Many spirited debates were carried on at these meetings, and many questions of the day were discussed, such as — "Resolved, That speculation upon the actual necessities of life can and should be avoided;" or, "Has the influence of man or woman been most widely felt in the promotion of temperance reform?" The men who were members of this society were very intelligent, and these debates were extremely interesting. Mr. Gerry was always present at these meetings, acting as Chaplain and encouraging the good work.

The members deferred to his judgment in matters of importance, and were very devoted in their friendship for him.

EVANS MILLS PICKET STATION,
Friday, February 27th, 1863.

BRO. GERRY — Dear Sir: I have written one letter to you, and receiving no answer, I thought I would write another; for I did not know whether you got the other or not. I am well, and hope that this letter will find you and the Brothers enjoying the best of health and good spirits.

I am heart-sick of this war, and will be very glad when I have the opportunity to return home. It is not very desirable to be in such scenes of bloodshed, hardships and trials as those through which a soldier has to pass, and I pray that this war may soon have an end.

Give my love to all the Brothers; tell them to press on, and don't give up the Ship! They are working in a good cause, and that God is with them in their acts of kindness and mercy, and that they will be well rewarded for their labors. My best wishes are with them, and may God bless them in all the good deeds that they do. I know how hard it must be for them to get along in these war times, for I had a chance to see before I came away, and I pray that I may be saved from all harm and return to my home and friends once more; and when I get home I hope to hear a good report from the Brothers, and to find that they have got along through these hard times, and still bear their banner aloft without any of its bright stars dimmed. Let it always be said that the United Brothers held up to their Preamble in their Constitution, and that they must persevere in all their troubles, for in the end perseverance must conquer. You must talk to them, Bro. Gerry, and cheer them up, for you have always been as a father to the United Brothers, and I hope that by the time the next four months is up that I will be with you, to be one more in your circles at the meetings, and then I will add my efforts in support of the Brothers.

I have no news to write to you this time; but I would like to have a letter from you or the Brothers, to let me know what is going on, and I beg you to excuse the shortness of my letter and give my

respects to all. I will now close by bidding you good night, and send my best wishes to you and the Brothers.

I remain, truly yours,

BRO. J. T. L.

SEWING SCHOOL.

This school for girls was one of the most important branches of the work in the Mission. The season began early in the Fall, continuing until Spring, meeting every week on Saturday afternoon. The object of this school was to instruct the younger children in the art of sewing, and to give the older scholars an opportunity to fashion garments for their own use, the material being furnished them. Then the mothers were allowed to come in and busy themselves, with making needful clothing for their families. The classes were under the care of ladies who were willing to give their time and attention to this work, and Mrs. Gerry had charge of the whole school during many years, which was a very arduous position. The material was given by the merchants of Boston and other friends of the Chapel, who were interested to help forward this important work. Mr. Gerry knew just where to go, and to whom he could apply, when he needed assistance in this branch of labor. Then the material must be cut into garments, the work must be prepared and made ready for the scholars. Mrs. Gerry did this labor for fifteen years, assisted by two ladies, until her health failed and she was forced to give the duty into other hands. What a lively scene to look into this busy circle, all plying their needles, while the tongues were as busy as the fingers, chatting to the teachers and to each other. It was a pleasure to see the little heads bent so earnestly over the squares of bright patchwork,

and the fingers trying so very hard to guide the needle aright. "Please, teacher, thread my needle," or "tie a knot in my thread," were the requests asked of the patient friend, who was always ready to help the little ones along. On one side of the room were the older girls learning the art of crocheting and knitting; also those who were being taught to cut and make their dresses; then the busy hum of the sewing machine as it sped on its work. In the midst stood Mrs. Gerry and her assistants attending to the wants of all. How happy the children looked, as if the cares of the world were afar off, although with many of them its heavy burdens had early been laid on their shoulders. So, in the words of the old song, they "chatted and knitted," making their fingers fly over the work before them. The sewing school became very popular, and from season to season was fully attended. When Mrs. Gerry retired from this charge on account of failing health, the school for one season was under the management of Miss Mary Cotton and Miss Hannah Kendall, and permanently by Mrs. George Gould, who ably filled the position, and whose interest never wavered, although the work was very laborious.

FESTIVALS.

There is a period in the lives of all persons when they tire of work and thoroughly enjoy social recreation, when they can come together, have a hand shaking and a hearty laugh, leaving all care at home. So it was thought best by Mr. Gerry to cultivate the social spirit of his people, giving them an opportunity to meet with each other, have a real happy gathering, full of rational pleasure and enjoyment. Each season brought its own

peculiar significance and observance. In the Autumn a "Harvest Festival," then the Christmas time, the celebration of Washington's Birthday, the May Day party, and many other social gatherings were enjoyed by the members of his Chapel. How many hours of busy work were spent in the "Old Chapel," beautifying it with garlands of bright leaves, on one occasion sent from the Society in Belmont, to make ready for the "Harvest Festival." A pleasant sight when all was done, and the children, with their parents and friends had assembled, to see the pretty girls and bright-eyed boys step upon the platform, to recite the various parts which were all suitable for the occasion. The older members of the school would have a dialogue representing the "Seasons," prepared, which, with its appropriate music and speaking, was full of interest and always well done.

At Christmas time, that season of good will, the school was well remembered. Santa Claus, with his pack of presents, and a tree laden with sweets, while a bag of goodies made all the children happy. The older members were never neglected, but went away with their hands full of substantial tokens, and hearts full of gratitude to the good Pastor and friends, who had done so much for their happiness. Then there was the May Day party, and the "Queen," to be crowned with appropriate ceremonies. Ah! how the hearts did beat when the important question was to be decided, who should be chosen the "Queen of the May." The "West Church," Dr. Bartol's Society, was very much interested in this mission, doing a great deal for its benefit. An invitation was given by that society to the Hanover Street Chapel School, to be their guests on Christmas Eve. The vestry of West Church was decked in holi-

day attire with evergreens, and the Christmas tree laden with gifts. The teachers and scholars of that school were there, ready to receive the school from the "North End," and do all in their power to render it an enjoyable occasion. They, in their turn, were prepared to entertain the company by singing a cantata, entitled, the "Christian Graces," "Faith, Hope and Charity," which was a very fine proof of the ability of the school in singing the difficult music which was brought out in this arrangement. It was really wonderful to note the perfection of the different parts, as one succeeded the other in the score. The friends who listened were quite surprised to hear such a fine musical production, which bore evidence of the good training and of the fine talent shown by these young people. It had taken much time and patience to drill them, but they nobly came up to the standpoint of Mr. Gerry, and his assistant, Mr. Gould, who had spent so many hours in the work of instructing them. Then what a feast of good things was given them, and each member of the school was remembered by a token from the wonderful tree, whose boughs were hung with useful and pretty gifts. This delightful occasion was long remembered, and was one of the many kindly attentions shown to this mission by the West Church Society. At these festivals were invited readers and musicians, both vocal and instrumental, who were willing to entertain the audience and give variety to the programme. Mr. Gerry always endeavored to get the very best talent he could, so that the taste of the people might be educated to a high standard. He would also encourage the efforts of any young person who might wish to help him in this way. At one time, his attention was drawn to a young girl, who had a very

sweet voice, and being willing to do her best, was a great help to him on these occasions. He was very much pleased with this evidence of talent, and often called upon her to assist. He was heard to say, "if he had a daughter who could sing like *that* girl, he would make every exertion to give her a musical education." His wish was fulfilled, and many happy hours he spent in listening to the "song bird" who came to his own home. After the close of these musical entertainments, the children and young people were allowed to play games in the middle room, and many a happy hour was spent by them, until the pleasant voice of Mr. Gerry would say, "Come, children, it is time to go home," and they, sometimes rather loth, always obeyed his gentle commands.

PICNICS.

As the spring days come, the grass begins to look green, the air becomes balmy, in the city as well as in the country. But there is very little space left for the tender blades to flourish, and the fresh winds to remain pure within the city limits. This little hint of the beauty there is to be found in the country, when the fields are covered with the soft carpet of green, dotted over with bright flowers, and the woods are such pleasant places to roam in as the season advances, when the sun sheds its bright rays upon the earth, makes all lovers of nature long for a holiday, and an opportunity to enjoy these pleasures. Although Boston has its lovely Common, Public Garden and parks, for breathing spaces, where the people can go from their close homes for a change, still, it is not the real country, and the flowers cannot be gathered, as the warning words, "Keep off the grass," meet one at

every step. As the warm days approach, the desire to be out in the free air, and view the lovely scenes of hill, dale and mountain, with the blue sky over all, finds place in the hearts of those whose lot is cast in the city. So when it was known that the school was to have a "Picnic," the children, and all were delighted with the prospect. It was their good fortune to be invited to visit many pleasant places from year to year, and the societies about Boston vied with each other in doing honor to their guests, the people of Hanover Street Chapel, Lexington,¹ Arlington, Jamaica Plain, Concord, and Dorchester, Watertown and Belmont, were some of the spots visited, also at Downer's Landing, under the auspices of the Society at Hingham.

One lovely summer morning, the children, with the teachers, parents and friends, assembled at the Chapel, marched to the depot, a happy band of people, boarded the cars waiting for them, and after a pleasant ride reached the lovely town of Arlington. After climbing a steep hill, the spot was reached, where they were to spend the day out doors. Such a treat for them, to have the balmy air, the odor of the woods, the blue sky, the lovely wild flowers, the beautiful landscape, theirs to enjoy, a whole day. How the children did race and run about, finding new wonders everywhere they went, then swinging to their hearts' content, and when twelve o'clock came, ready to do justice to the bountiful dinner, prepared by the ladies of the Arlington Society. It had been a perfect day, but alas for them, the clouds had been darkening while they were enjoying the goodies, and the rain-drops began to fall, not only in drops, but in showers, pouring down without mercy. As it proved to be not a passing shower, but a long continued rain,

the people who had scattered as well as they could, taking refuge in adjacent houses, were not able to go back into the grove. So the Arlington people came to the rescue with their horses and carriages, to transplant their guests to the depot, which was quite a distance from the grove. What fun it was to fill the big farm wagons to overflowing. The old ladies were deposited in one of these vehicles, with a covering drawn over their heads, to keep the rain off. How they laughed and chatted, and said, "They never had such a lovely ride as that," feeling sorry when it came to an end, and they were ushered into the warm kitchen of the good doctor's house, for word had been sent that all should be made ready for their comfort. Some years later, they were again invited to spend the day in Spy Pond Grove, on the borders of that lovely sheet of water, and were again made the recipients of the kindness of this Society. In going to Jamaica Plain, the long ride in the horse cars was a great delight to the children, who seldom enjoyed this privilege. The dinner provided for them was something wonderful, both in quantity and quality; everything appetizing was placed before them, and then ice cream to finish the repast, with bouquets of flowers to carry home.

A little girl had tasted of all the delicacies placed before her, and her wants were fully satisfied. When a large saucer of cream was added, she looked at it for a moment, gave a long sigh, and then began to taste of the rarity with renewed appetite. Her teacher sat near by; she looked up a moment, and almost groaning after every spoonful was eaten, she said, "Do you suppose I can have some more after this is gone?" The teacher laughed, and said she thought the child had eaten too

much already. The little one thought so too, when she had finished the allowance.

Once, when the school arrived at Concord, Mass., the grove being situated on the shores of Lake Walden, a class of small boys was seen going to the lake the moment after their arrival, and then had taken to the water like ducklings.

"What shall we do to get them out? they will all be drowned," said the teacher to the Assistant Superintendent of the School.

"Let them stay in," he replied with a smile. "I guess they can all swim for the shore."

At all these different places, every attention was given them, and favors just heaped upon these city children by their kind friends, who enjoyed so much in giving pleasure, that they met with a reward in seeing the happiness they could bestow. The children showed their gratitude by being very well behaved, and the love and respect for their good friends and Pastor was shown in many ways. The arrangement for these outings was a great care to him, although he received much assistance from the teachers, but as they were always such a success, he felt amply repaid for the labor.

The temperance meetings, lectures, sociables and singing meetings, found a place in the work of the year. All were promptly attended to, and under the direction of Mr. Gerry, who was never known to be absent from one of these occasions. The people knew that he would be there on the spot, at the appointed hour, "rain or shine." Perhaps a severe storm might have been raging on the day when a singing meeting had been appointed. It would seem as though it was impossible to think of having it. "I don't believe, father, there will be

one of the children out to-night;" or, "it is too bad to venture," "do stay at home just this time," the voices of his family would exclaim. But no; the voice of duty would say go, and he obeyed the summons. When he arrived at the Chapel door, a few of the children would be found huddled together waiting for Mr. Gerry, as they said they "knew *he* would come." And as the room had been made comfortable for them by the good sexton, they would have a fine sing after the faithful organist had joined the ranks.

In a large family of children, it was very hard for the father's purse and the mother's fingers to keep the little ones supplied with clothing needful for all seasons. Something seemed to be always wanted, and the cost of living was so great, that the new shoes, hats and dresses were sometimes not ready. An important branch of the mission work was the receipt and distribution of ready made garments sent by the King's Chapel Employment Society, Dorchester Ladies' Society, Tuckerman Circle, Needle Woman's Friend Society, through the generosity of Miss Wales, also donations from numerous private sources. These garments were given out by Mrs. Gerry, who knew so well the needs of both young and old. Thus, one duty after another was met with unabated energy by Mr. Gerry and his able assistants, and the details of this never-ending work were promptly attended to.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIAL LIFE.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Americans are such a busy people, so intent on their occupations, and wanting to amass a fortune in a few years, that the larger number of them can hardly spare time for rest and recreation. It is a wearing kind of a life, resulting in the breaking down early of our smartest men, who, when in the hey-day of life, have grown old before their time, and are ready to leave the wealth they have struggled so hard to obtain. Prompt attention to business is a duty, but overwork of the mind and body is almost a wrong. It is our duty to live just as long as we can in the world, and do all the good in our power. The working people might say, "how can we spare the time, when our bread and butter depends upon this never ceasing labor?" Take it; if only an hour a day. Let the father who may come home tired, play some lively game with the children, and the mother put-

ting aside the daily vexations of life, make herself ready to go with her husband to some little gathering, where social talk, a hearty hand shake, and a merry laugh, will make the world look brighter on the morrow. In thus mingling with others, the ideas are broadened, the sympathies enlarged, and all hearts are filled with good will towards neighbors and friends. This idea of sociability, was a very prominent element in the working of this Mission. Many times the young people were invited to the home of their Pastor, where they were entertained in various ways. Often the bell would ring, and the open door admit a large number of the older people, who had come to "surprise" their good Pastor and his family, bringing with them some memento of friendship. What a pleasant evening they would pass, going away with their hearts full of love for these good friends. The little daughter was sent one afternoon to take tea with a neighbor. She liked very much to visit at this place, and was always willing to stay until some one came for her. But on this particular occasion, she became uneasy, and wanted to go to her own home quite early. Her friend could not persuade the child to stay. The little one ran across the street quickly, and as she went up the steps, saw that the house was all alight. She rang the bell and the door was opened by her brother, who was a few years older than herself. She also saw that the house was full of people. "She knew it, mother, and has come home," he cried. "Oh! I didn't know it," said she, and ran up stairs sobbing, to hide away. It was only the greatest persuasion, which could induce her to see the merry group of young people, who had come to give her a "surprise party," and bring a pretty gold ring as a token of their love. She after-

wards learned to appreciate the kindly feeling, and made life long friends of these same Chapel young folks.

When a young man and maiden start out in life to establish a home, they seldom look forward to twenty-five years companionship. It seems like a dream at first, but becomes a reality when they both put a "shoulder to the wheel" to further the interests of the family. A good wife is truly a helpmeet, and a great blessing to a man; she is his inspiration, his guiding star, and

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

When the time has sped away, and they are nearing a period which counts twenty-five years, they can hardly realize it, even when their friends gather around, to wish them joy of the event. It began to be whispered about that the Pastor and his wife, were to reach the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day in the early autumn, just when all nature is yielding up its harvest of plenty. It is rightly named, a precious day, to be looked forward to and long remembered. White missives printed in silver type were sent to friends, inviting them to come to the Chapel and wish these faithful ones "Godspeed."

That was a "red letter" day to all, full of love and good will, as the friends of the beloved minister and his wife came in answer to the call.

What a happy company they were, giving good wishes and gifts of silver and useful articles. Flowers, fruits and delicacies for the guests were there in abundance. Truly the "harvest was plenteous." It would hardly seem as if so many years had flown over the heads of these two, who had been one for such a length of time, who had braved the storms of life, and en-

joyed its sunshine together for twenty-five years; they looked so strong and able to endure, perhaps until the golden wedding time. What a various assembly came to do them honor. Brother ministers, with the hearty grasp of the hand, and words of commendation from them all, for their success in the journey of life. Brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends, Chapel people and children, with a "God bless you," made up this pleasant company.

This occasion was all arranged and carried out by the people of the Chapel, being a complete surprise to their minister, whom they delighted to honor. Many letters were received from those who could not be present, and a number of beautiful poems were sent as tokens of interest.

LINES

ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING OF
REV. MR. AND MRS. GERRY.

One morn when summer blooms were waning
Now many years ago,
When harvest whitened plain and hill-top,
Then were these twain made one.

And offering then their hearts' devotion,
They heard the Master say,
"Go ye and in my service labor
And work while it is day."

'The grain is nodding to the reapers,
Ripened by sun and dew ;'
"Ah ! truly plenteous is the harvest,
The laborers are few."

So hand in hand they wrought together,
 'Mid all Earth's scenes of strife ;
In joy, or sorrow, clinging closer,
 One thought, one hope, one life.

Not theirs, the pomp of lofty story,
 With wordly honors fraught ;
But daily deeds of patient kindness,
 In self-denial wrought.

The love that lifteth out of self-hood,
 And owns great Nature's plan,
Which feels within the soul's deep centre,
 The brotherhood of man.

Two cherished darlings of the household
 Have reached the Heavenly Plain ;
Three wait : for so, our Father's mercies
 The merciful obtain.

And once to crown this beauteous season,
 There came a little maid,
Who'grown an earnest, loving helper,
 Now lends her precious aid.

And deep within their hearts is cherished,
 The mem'ry of this time,
Which linked a Pastor and a people,
 And formed a bond sublime.

Long be they spared to prove that blessing
 The faithful servant knows ;
May Christian love its stream find deeper,
 And broader as it flows.

Such lives grow brighter as they near that Portal,
 From which no arm can save ;
As when the summer sun is sinking
 Below the Arctic wave.

A moment is his brightness shrouded,
 And then we hail the dawn ;
So that, with evening shades are blended
 The glories of the Morn.

E. F. L.

The social ties were very strong between the brethren, who in meeting from time to time, enjoyed many hours of communion of thought and feeling. A constant attendant on these gatherings was this busy missionary, who found the opportunity to be with them, giving his aid and sympathy in the discussion of the questions of the day, which were brought before these able thinkers of the Monday Club. Although of very quiet manners, yet his influence was always felt for good, and his sound judgment respected by all the ministers with whom he was brought in contact. He thoroughly believed in the social side of life, and enjoyed being with his many friends on every festive occasion. This spirit of love and interest in all good work, enabled him to become a member of many societies. He was, by the generosity of friends, made a Life member of the American Unitarian Association, Theological Library, and the Sunday School Society. He was also a member of the Unitarian Ministers' Monday Club, a member of John Abbot Lodge, and Chaplain of Soley Lodge, Free Masons; Royal Arcanum, Excelsior Council, No. 3; Radiant Star, Temple of Honor, Boston; and a Director in the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, Boston. Oftentimes during the busy years, exchanges would be arranged with brother ministers from country towns. They would come to the busy city to give good words to his people, and he would go to their quiet towns to leave a knowledge of his busy work with the people, who were so blessed as to spend such peaceful lives, in the midst of the beauties of nature.

It was a great pleasure, and a welcome rest for him, to have such a change, after many months of wearying work. Anniversary Week was a time of great enjoy-

ment, in the meeting of a large number of friends and co-workers, who came together for the exchange of sympathy, and to gain encouragement in the various branches of work connected with their parishes. All of these social gatherings serve to promote love and brotherly feeling among the people. The social meetings of the Ministers at Large of New England, were very enjoyable, and profitable, to all who were privileged to be present, and partake of this feast for mind and body. These hard working men, with their faithful assistants, found great help in carrying on their laborious work, in listening to the rich experience, good advice and various methods, which were presented for their consideration.

It was the custom of Mr. Gerry with his family, to spend a portion of his summer vacation in his native town of Leominster. Here among the scenes of his childhood, and with his kindred, he passed many happy weeks, gathering strength for the year of labor which was before him. The brothers and sisters were delighted to welcome this family among them, and the coming of "Edwin," was always looked forward to with delight by the older members of the family, while the younger ones were as much pleased to see "Uncle Edwin," come to the different homes. They loved this brother, the youngest of the flock, for his many sterling qualities, and his devotion to his kindred was steadfast to the last. The years had narrowed this circle of brothers and sisters, but still leaving most of them to live to a good old age. Many pleasant weeks were passed, enjoying the delights of country life, meeting old friends and neighbors. He always took great pleasure in going back to the church of his young days, where he had first

drawn the inspiration to pursue the way in his chosen work, and was ever ready to speak words of devotion in this house of God. His thoughts would go back to that Sunday morning, when he, as a young lad, had stood outside that church, listening to the hymns of praise which had stolen into his heart, bringing peace to his troubled soul. The brothers and sisters all sympathized with him in his work, and many pleasant chats were enjoyed with them. Brother Elbridge, of Millbury, Mass., was of the Methodist faith, doing all the good he could in the world, by his earnest words fitly spoken.

The children would say, "Why, Uncle Elbridge, you are a regular shouting Methodist," after going with him to one of the prayer meetings. "Yes, I am, and so is Sister Louisa. We believe in *shouting* to the Lord, so he may hear us."

Brother Joseph was of the old school Orthodox faith, and many a sermon he preached on various subjects to this younger brother, for whom he felt a devoted love. Benjamin, Mira, Martha, made up the family, who remained, all of whom must receive a visit from Edwin and his family during these pleasant summer vacations. They were always sure of his love and interest, knowing full well that he would be with them in their times of rejoicing, or to lend a helping hand in days of sorrow.

When a person has reached the age of three score years, and the threads of silver and the lines of care begin to appear, this question forces itself upon the mind: Is it possible that I have lived so many years, and am I growing old? No; not old, only just reaching another mile stone in the journey of life, which points to the years, when after an active life, a well-earned rest is gained. So the people said, their dear Pastor was not old, al-

though he was to have his sixtieth birthday. It was an event which must be noticed and made a cause of rejoicing, that he was still with them, so full of life and strength. The celebration of the day was to be a surprise to him in many ways. Plans were made to invite the brother ministers of Boston and vicinity, and all friends who could be reached, to meet the Chapel people and join with them in wishing him many returns of the day. The new Chapel was the scene of this joyous occasion, and very attractive it looked in its freshness of attire. Mr. Gerry had expected to meet his own people, but when he saw the hall crowded with so many unexpected guests, his wonder knew no bounds. The platform was graced by the familiar faces of many brother ministers, while one portion of the room was occupied by the Masonic brethren and their wives. Everywhere he gazed were seen the faces of friends, beaming with love and good will. A programme had been arranged, which was successfully carried out, of speeches from different ministers, music, and the presentation of two valuable gifts, one being a beautiful gold watch, in behalf of the Sunday School Teachers, and a gold-headed ebony cane, from the Masonic brothers of Soley Lodge, Somerville. Mr. Gerry was so taken by surprise, that he could hardly find words to thank these kind donors. A well remembered speech, from Rev. J. H. W. Ware, of the Arlington Street Church, full of gems of thought, in which he said that the Fraternity must look out for their minister at the North End, who had to be both "watched and caned." Besides the good words spoken, letters were sent containing best wishes and high commendation for the work he had accomplished, in the by-gone years. It was a very successful affair, and an

entire surprise to the Pastor, whom they all loved so well. Thus no occasion was allowed to occur unnoticed by these devoted friends, whenever there was an opportunity to show their love and respect.

Just before this time, the Chapel work bore so heavily upon the strength of this missionary, that the Committee of the Fraternity, thought it best to employ a gentleman assistant, to help in the Sunday School as Superintendent, so as to relieve Mr. Gerry of the care which he had hitherto borne; also, to bring young life and strength to the work, while using his own influence to awaken new interest in the school, among his friends who could give their services as teachers. A very fortunate selection was made, and Mr. J. F. Dutton, of the Harvard Divinity School, and successively Messrs. C. R. Eliot, B. J. Bulkley, and J. C. Jaynes, were chosen to fill this position, and they nobly assisted Mr. Gerry, and to them was due an increased prosperity of the Sunday School. In thus acting together, each one was enabled to appreciate the labors of the faithful Pastor, and sympathize with him in the discouragements to be met with in the daily working of such a Mission. They stood firmly by his side, carrying out the plans he decided were for the best interests of the Sunday School, until called to begin their own life work as Ministers of the Gospel. His relations with the Presidents of the Fraternity were of the warmest friendship. Chandler Robbins, D.D., Rev. Henry W. Foote, Rev. J. H. W. Ware and Rev. Edward A. Horton were the names of those who had charge during his ministry, and their esteem for this brother was shown in every way. His relations were also very pleasant with the Executive Committee and all the Delegates, who so faithfully up-

held this noble charity. The friends who became interested in the Mission were drawn personally toward this Minister at Large, and every kindness was shown to him that might further the prosperity of his own family and his Chapel work. The brotherly ties were very strong between the ministers who had charge of missionary work similar to his own, and he made life-long friends of these devoted workers. The ministers of the "Children's Mission, Warren Street Chapel, Charlestown Mission, under Rev. O. C. Everett, the Mission in charge of Rev. Wm. Bradley, all held a large place in his warm heart, while his relations with Rev. Mr. Wood and Rev. H. C. Duganne, of Lowell, were of the most fraternal character.

"Rev. E. J. Gerry was initiated in R. S. T. June 22, 1866, elected Chaplain in 1867, and re-elected continuously down to 1883; joined the Grand Temple 1867, and elected by that body its G. W. C. in 1871, and re-elected in 1872, '3, '4, '5-'6-' and '9. It may truthfully be said that all his relations to the subordinate and Grand Temple were marked by truthfulness and sincerity; he had a crystal transparency in motive, speech and action. This rendered him a generous and faithful friend, manly and frank in the utterances of his opinions, and if he ever wounded for a moment by his fidelity, he wounded but to heal. No one could become thoroughly acquainted with his purposes and feelings without deep respect for him, and confidence in his character. The law of kindness was ever in his heart and on his lips. Those who enjoyed his intimacy felt that his place in their esteem and affections could not easily be supplied. He was free in his manner, acceptable to all, ready to minister to them in their doubts and perplexi-

ties, and to console them in their afflictions. He was an earnest speaker; he spoke from the depths of his heart, and in tones of peculiar sincerity; always clear, direct and practical. His style was simple and his manner unaffected; his love breathed through all he said; he was a useful citizen, going about doing good; a steadfast friend to the cause of Temperance, omitting no opportunity, either by word or vote, to further its interests; he was constant at the meetings of the Temple, full of wise suggestions and fervent exhortations; his sympathies were quick, and always given to the poor, the unfortunate and the fallen; he had a tear for others' woes and a hand prompt to relieve them; his was not a fitful, spasmodic labor, depending on any excitement for its life, but tranquil, uniform, self-sustained, and ever operative; he was a pillar in the Temple, against which the timid and faltering might always lean with confidence and safety in its stability."

CHAPTER IX.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Rev. Edwin J. Gerry was an active worker in the temperance cause. His sympathies were aroused by the suffering he saw caused by the terrible curse of intemperance. He gave to the reform, as the hand-maid of religion, his best energies.

Among the poor of Boston, his wise words of counsel were especially appreciated, and his desire to assuage their grief and sorrow caused him to become a member of a noble and devoted band of brothers, known as Radiant Star Temple of Honor and Temperance, of Boston. On him the beautiful ritualistic services of the Order made a deep and life-abiding impression.

Well did our dear brother know, not only of the woes of intemperance, which had shut out the light of joy and peace from many a home, but of the other terrible vices which follow in its train, and hold its victims in their venomous embrace.

Fully realizing that the strongest link in the chain of intemperance was the social glass among friends, he

sought membership in the fraternity that holds as three of its cardinal principles, love of God, love of country, and love of mankind.

His typical and life-journey are both at an end, and it may be truly said of Past Grand Chaplain Gerry, in the language of another, "By night and by day, in storm and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy, in defeat and in victory, he was faithful, and swerved neither to the right hand nor the left; erect in his integrity and firm in his purpose, he stood immovable." We doubt not that he now no longer lingers, overpowered with grateful emotions, before the symbols of the "Wonderful," the "Counsellor," the "Everlasting Father," but that he is amidst the glory of the immortal. He has laid aside his armor and lance, and the crown of immortality is now worn in the presence of Him whose glory fills Heaven.

In 1875, Mr. Gerry connected himself with the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and was elected one of its Vice-Presidents, and from that time to his death he was a member of the Board of Directors. He was specially interested in the children's temperance work, and in the distribution of temperance literature. In December, 1884, he made a most earnest plea for the employment of temperance colportors by the Society, and was made chairman of a committee to consider the same, and report at the annual meeting in 1885. In his report a month later, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, he said: "In considering this question, your committee first of all considered the instrumentalities already in use by the Society to advance the cause of temperance; and it is with great pleasure that they feel authorized to report that the Society is not behind any other temperance organization in the State, in the use of effi-

cient means for the strengthening and setting forward the principles of total abstinence. When we consider the character of the men who have been, and many of whom still are, its officers and members, who have always been watchful of its highest interests, considering no reasonable sacrifice too great for them to make, that the principles of temperance might have free course, and be glorified to the good of suffering humanity. This being the case, we need have no fear for the future of our cause.

“The cause of total abstinence will continue to have friends who will regard it as among the most important of the moral reforms, now occupying the attention of the public mind. While your committee have perfect confidence in the methods now being used by this Society to advance the cause of temperance, we have thought that its efficiency might be strengthened and its usefulness somewhat increased, by making the distribution of temperance literature more prominent than heretofore, as an instrumentality for advancing the principles of total abstinence.

“While we would not have the Society abate one jot or tittle in the employment, as in former years, of able and eloquent speakers, whose duty it shall be to go from place to place, and set forth our principles to the public through the living voice; still, it seems to us that greater good might be accomplished, if the lectures and addresses given by our agents could be immediately followed up by the distribution of good temperance books and tracts, which would tend to confirm what has been said and heard in public addresses. Resident agents might be employed by the Society, perhaps without pay, or at any rate, for a small remuneration, whose duty it

should be to canvass their several cities and towns, and distribute temperance literature.

“One word in regard to the character of the temperance literature that would be desirable for distribution. A good deal that goes under the name of temperance literature would not be well received by a class of our citizens.

“We should, so far as possible, distribute a style of books and tracts, whose literary finish would commend them to educated and refined people. Also books and tracts suitably illustrated should be placed in the hands of the young, and every laudable effort made to interest rich and poor, high and low, in a subject which relates to securing good citizens and happy homes.

“In closing, your committee recommend that temperance colportage be adopted as a branch of the work of this Society.”

This was really the last work of Mr. Gerry in reference to the temperance reform. The plan recommended by him has been adopted and carried forward by this Society with great success.

HON. B. R. JEWELL.

CHAPTER X.

NEARER HOME.

LIFE.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh or tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning!

MRS. BARBAULD.

The years had now counted up to twenty-four, and in a very short time it would be the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to this Mission, where he had given the best years of his life. He would often say, when thinking of what might occur, that "he hoped he should have health and strength given him to finish out the twenty-five years in connection with, and as the minister of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches." It was even so; his prayer was granted, and after due deliberation, he sent his resignation to the Executive Committee.

We quote from his letter to the President, Rev. Edward A. Horton, for the committee: "In closing this note, let me say that I *do* feel proud of my record of twenty-five years in connection with the Hanover Street

Mission. I am conscious that the quality of that record is due to the help and encouragement I have received from the present and past members of your Executive Board."

His farewell sermon was preached in June, 1883, to a large audience of his people, who all lamented that he was to give up the care which he had so faithfully borne. His successor was Rev. Wm. S. Heywood, with his wife as assistant. Although he resigned the charge of Hanover Street Chapel, still his interest never ceased, and he gave the benefit of his long experience to the minister, who was able to undertake the work in this hard field of labor. It was thought best to make a change in the locality, and the Fraternity purchased a church building on Parmenter Street, and the Mission is now known as the Parmenter Street Chapel. After the retirement from the Chapel work, he held himself in readiness to supply any vacant pulpits which might need his services. Although he felt the need of rest, after so many years of labor, still his activity of spirit would never let him give up the work of the ministry, which had been so dear to him. A friend asked him, "What are you doing now, Mr. Gerry?" "Oh, I'm filling up the corners," he replied.

During this time he supplied the pulpits of Brooklyn, Conn., Dighton, Grafton, Littleton, Revere, Westford, Tyngsboro, Sterling, and Wilton, N. H. These visits to the different towns were a source of great pleasure, as he felt that he was still doing his share of the Master's work. Often the Chapel people would come for him to be with them, when their homes were saddened by sorrow. When the notice was given that he was expected to be present at any meeting, both parents and children would

flock to see the dear pastor. So day by day went by, filled with various duties, although the great care of his life had been given up. He found that one after another of the many cares he had been used to take upon himself must be put aside, for his strength was not quite equal to all the duties which he had been accustomed to fulfil. But he enjoyed many pleasures with his family and friends, keeping up the warm interest in their welfare, and doing all he could to make others happy. His nature led him to enter heart and soul into the advancement of every good cause, both public and private. In every circle he was a welcome guest, for although of very quiet manners, still that bright and cheerful nature cast the sunshine around. In the family circle the holidays were always kept, and the father was able to be with them to share their happiness. As the months went by, little by little his strength seemed to fail, although not very apparent. His sixty-fifth birthday was near at hand, and when the day came, he found it was not forgotten by many friends, who called to see him, and gifts were sent to remind him that he was still remembered. He said to some young people who had called, "You have come to see a young man, sixty-five years old." He enjoyed the society of young people, and liked to have them about him, feeling as young in spirit as they did. A pleasant birth-day it was, although he was not quite well. Three days more, then on a peaceful Sunday, with his family all about him, "he fell asleep, to wake in some brighter clime."

Many friends of Mr. Gerry were much impressed when told of a dream, twice repeated, a few nights before his sudden departure, and have said that it would be a pleasant thing to have it recorded in this "Story," so

the author has ventured to speak of it. It was this:— He thought he was standing in the middle of a vast plain, alone, and completely lost to all familiar scenes. He looked around, and in the distance he saw a grove of trees on one side, and as he looked under the dark foliage, he observed a group of people; when they saw him they came out from the shade, and on reaching him they said: “Mr. Gerry, we are lost, can you show us the way?” He replied, “I am lost, too.” “But can you not find the way for us?” “I will try,” he answered; “follow me.” Then, after a while, he was enabled to bring them out into a glorious place, where they all wished to be, and seemed very thankful to him for what he had been able to do for them. In speaking of it he said, “Eye hath not seen, or ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the joys revealed to them in that lovely place.” Dr. Bartol’s letter seems to hint at the solution of this lovely vision, so soon to become a reality.

In view of our common humanity, and the experience which awaits us all, can we become too familiar with the words of the poem written by Phœbe Cary? Mr. Gerry had carefully copied the poem only a few days before his death, and at his request it was the last musical selection his daughter sang to him, as he stood upon the “brink,” patiently waiting for the summons. His copy: “The Hymn of Phœbe Cary, by which she is most widely known, is her

“‘NEARER HOME.’”

“One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

- “ Nearer my Father’s house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
- “ Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
- “ But, lying darkly between;
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.
- “ Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm ;
Closer death to my lips
Passes the awful chrism.
- “ O ! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to day than I think,
- “ Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.”

It was a matter of regret to Mr. Gerry that he was obliged, on account of illness, to refuse the invitation of Rev. Mr. Moulton to supply the Westford pulpit on the very Sunday which proved to be the day of his death. In thinking it over, he at last made the remark, “ Well, of one thing I am certain, my prospects are bright for immortality if my earthly prospects fail.”

And thus, in the language of Whittier, he could say:

- “ And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar,
Assured no harm can come to me,
From ocean or on shore.”

What he was to his family, friends and neighbors, to his brethren and co-workers in every good cause, to his Chapel and people, to the cause of humanity, and especially to the poor and suffering of God's children, have all been told in this simple "Story of a Useful Life."

At the Easter service, held last year, 1886, the pictured face of the faithful Pastor looked out upon the people, who had come to join in this season of joyful praise for all the blessings bestowed on them. It seemed like a benediction to have it there, as these words, so beautifully spoken by Mr. Heywood, were listened to by them:

"It is fitting, at this Easter time, to speak of friends who have passed on to the higher life; to call to mind their words, and the deeds done by them while with us here on earth. It is my privilege to speak to you to-day of one whom you all loved so well, and to show you the familiar face of your beloved Pastor for so many years. As you look upon this face, so full of benevolence and goodness, you remember his ever ready sympathy and aid, given in time of trouble, and his faithfulness in the discharge of his duty. I speak of the Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, Pastor of the Hanover Street Chapel for twenty-five years. Mr. Gerry early in life consecrated himself to the work of the Ministry. He wanted to do good in the world, to help lift up the fallen, to relieve the suffering. Nobly did he perform his work. You remember his constant care of the interests of his people, his frequent visits to your homes, ever ready to respond to the calls made upon his time and attention, giving words of advice and sympathy. You all loved him, and mourned his death, feeling as if you each had lost a friend. When you are tempted to do wrong, to turn from the path of

duty, remember him, and let his memory serve to rebuke you, and turn you from the wrong doing. I may truly say my dear brother minister was one of the best men God ever made. Keep his memory ever fresh in your minds."

A fine crayon portrait of Mr. Gerry has since been hung in the Chapel, through the influence of Mr. Heywood and the teachers of the Sunday School — a gift from the children to the Mission.

TESTIMONIALS.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. EDWIN JEROME GERRY.

Born in Leominster, Mass., April 21, 1820.

Died in Cambridge, Mass., April 26, 1885.

With mingled feelings of surprise and sorrow, the brethren of Soley Lodge, assembled at our last special meeting, heard the announcement of the sudden death of our dear Brother Gerry, which occurred at his home in Cambridge the evening before. It was indeed felt as a personal bereavement by every member of the Lodge, and, we may add, by all who enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship. It would be impossible at this time, to recount the history of his useful life; a life full of earnest and conscientious effort, in the cause of the Master he loved and endeavored faithfully to serve.

His professional labor commenced in 1845, when he

was ordained to preach, and was settled in Athol, Mass., and subsequently in Standish, Maine, where he remained until 1853. He then became identified with mission work in New York City. In 1858 he removed to Boston and engaged in the same work, under the auspices of the Boston Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. It was a work for which he was eminently qualified, and in which he was reasonably successful.

With a heart warm with love of God and his fellow men, he labored earnestly in behalf of the unfortunate and friendless; ready and willing, yea, glad to go wherever the poor, the neglected or the suffering, sent up the cry for succor; always assisting by wise counsel, and comforting by his hearty sympathy. He became a resident of Somerville in 1870.

He was always recognized and appreciated as a warm-hearted, public-spirited Christian gentleman; striving always to exert a good and helpful influence in the community. He moved from Somerville in 1881, but continued to manifest a loving interest in our affairs, particularly in Soley Lodge. He was a zealous Mason, receiving the degrees in John Abbott Lodge in 1873. He at once manifested a gratifying interest in the Institution. Upon the organization of Soley Lodge he was one of its Charter Members, and was appointed Chaplain, a position he continued to occupy until our last annual meeting, when, on account of the distance of his home and increasing physical infirmities, he felt obliged to decline a reappointment. The brethren, appreciating his motives, and his inestimable services, reluctantly accepted his declination, and, at the next meeting, he was elected to honorary membership.

The brethren of Soley Lodge will always remember

with affection the hearty zeal he manifested in its behalf, his personal love for the brethren, and his earnest desire for their individual and collective prosperity and happiness. His presence was indeed a benediction, and fulfilling the duties of his office he "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

To the stricken widow and the bereaved children of our dear Brother Gerry, Soley Lodge extends its warmest sympathy, and with them will keep in loving remembrance his many virtues.

"How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day
When icy death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay.

"Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

"For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

"When eyes awake for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accord of dying words
Are changed for Heaven's sweet hymn,

"Oh, there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
'Not lost, but gone before.'"

HORACE P. HEMENWAY,
JNO. VIALI,
J. FOSTER CLARK,
Committee

EXCELSIOR COUNCIL, No. 3, R. A., }
EAST SOMERVILLE, MASS., May 30, 1885. }

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to again visit this Council and remove from our midst our dearly beloved brother,

REV. EDWIN J. GERRY,

therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death our order loses a true and faithful brother, the community an honored and upright citizen, the church a beacon light, the unfortunate a true friend, "who taught and led the way to Heaven," the family a loving and protecting head. Genial, modest, courteous and conscientious in the discharge of every duty, he was esteemed and loved by all.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our records, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased brother, with our tender sympathies in their deep affliction.

Signed,

JOHN S. HAYES,

LEVI F. S. DAVIS,

F. DEWITT LAPHAM,

Committee.

Attest: F. DEWITT LAPHAM, Secretary.

EDWIN JEROME GERRY.

The name of Rev. Edwin J. Gerry is no new one to the people of this city, to the residents of Boston, nor, indeed, to other parts of the country. A man of his labors, his character, his beneficence, is known in no cir-

cumscribed territory. His death, then, must be a public loss. Our people were startled on Monday when they learned that the day before, after a day of comparative comfort, although he had ailed somewhat for a week, he passed away without a struggle, his trouble being that of heart disease.

* * * * *

No pen can do credit to his deeds; certainly none can give anything like a complete history of his work. Early and late, in fair weather and foul, sick or well, this servant, like unto the image of the Master, did what he could for humanity, not only by inculcating religious training, but by deeds of charity, dispensing words of comfort, advising, admonishing, as well. He always commanded grave respect from all. Two years since he gave up his work, and has preached only to accommodate his brethren in the ministry, by all of whom he was devotedly loved. Mr. Gerry had some traits which could well be spoken of. He was conscientious to a nicety, never allowing any one to trifle with any principle or point involving a moral question. He was genial without being loud; firm in his convictions, yet kindness itself, honest and progressive. In his home, the family being a wife, two daughters and a son, he was a loving associate, and outside this treasured spot was his church, and next to it in his heart was the Masonic fraternity. He was made a Mason in John Abbott Lodge, in 1873, and at the organization of Soley Lodge was one of the charter members, and, until last year, its chaplain, changing his residence to Cambridge necessitating his absence oftentimes, and consequently his resignation. Soley Lodge, in October, 1884, made him one of the few honorary members it has on its proud roll. Well did he

deserve the distinction, and happy was he in its conferment. Being a good Mason, a pure man, he deserved well at the hands of those who maintain tenets of "brotherly love, relief and truth." As has been said of another very much his likeness, "He allured to brighter worlds and led the way." His funeral took place on Thursday morning, at the First Parish Church, Harvard Square, Cambridge. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the early hour in which it was held. Associates in the ministry, prominent citizens of Somerville, Cambridge and Boston were present, including a delegation from Soley Lodge. There were also several from his former church in Boston, many of whom could not keep back the tears that flowed because a good friend had fallen. The services began with singing, "Servant of God, Well Done," by a quartette, consisting of Mrs. W. C. Bailey, Miss Fannie E. Holt, Mr. Albert P. Briggs, and Mr. B. O. Danforth, Mr. George William Taylor presiding at the organ. Scripture selections were read by Rev. E. H. Hall, after which Rev. Dr. Bartol made an address, followed by prayer by Rev. Mr. Hall. "Go Bury Thy Sorrow," was then sung, the benediction pronounced, and the solemn company took a last look at the remains, which looked very life-like. On the casket was a Masonic emblem from Soley Lodge, a sheaf of wheat from Excelsior Council, Royal Arcanum, of which he was a member and an ex-Chaplain, a wreath of ivy, another wreath from the Association of Ministers-at-Large, and other tributes of respect. The pall bearers were C. H. Cranc, A. E. Southworth, G. W. Perkins, and John F. Nickerson, members of Soley Lodge. The remains were taken to Leominster and buried in the family lot.

H. W. PITMAN.

REV. E. J. GERRY'S MEMORIAL.

In the beautiful cemetery of Leominster, Mass., a monument has recently been erected in memory of Rev. Edwin J. Gerry. The monument, which stands over five feet high, polished on four sides, is of Leominster granite, a dark, rich stone. The inscription cut on the front, with the family name at the base, tells the story of one portion of his life and the work which he did for humanity. It reads: "Edwin J. Gerry, Minister of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, Boston, Mass. Pastor of the Hanover Street Chapel for Twenty-five years. Born in Leominster, Mass., April 21st, 1820. Died April 26th, 1885." It is a very fine piece of workmanship. The family of Rev. Edwin J. Gerry were assisted to obtain this tribute to his worth by the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, Boston, and some other friends who were desirous to honor the memory of one who had consecrated his whole life for the benefit of his fellow men. Truly, he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

PASTOR'S STUDY, April 9, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. GERRY:

I have received your very pleasant letter, and I will convey the sentiments it contains to our Board. The members, like myself, take no credit to themselves for doing this memorial act to your husband. It is his due, and more than that, it is something in which we all feel a personal interest. I liked the plan; it seemed simple yet impressive. I shall certainly search out your husband's grave, though I know full well that to find the

significance of what the tasteful stone means, I must go to the homes, and the region of the city, and the record of his work which attest his faithful labors.

Yours,

E. A. HORTON.

LETTER BY DR. GERRY.

I am very much pleased with the feeling expressed by Mr. Horton and others, regarding father's work and character. I consider it a just recognition of the conscientious way he endeavored to discharge every duty. He did not know or understand how much he was appreciated and loved by all who knew him. If he could only have known, he would have been very happy in the thought. It is given to few men to impress their generation as he did by their qualities of heart.

Dr. E. PEABODY GERRY.

REV. EDWIN J. GERRY.

The Unitarian Ministers' Monday Club, at its meeting on the 4th instant, appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. Messrs. J. H. Heywood, E. F. Hayward, and William P. Tilden, to prepare a paper expressive of the respect and affection of its members for their departed brother, and of their sense of the faithfulness and value of his work. At the meeting on the 11th instant, the chairman of the committee presented the following paper, which was accepted and adopted by the club. On motion, it was voted that the paper be given to the *Christian Register* for publication, and that a copy be

sent to our brother's family in token of the members' regard for him and of deep sympathy with them.

GEORGE M. BODGE, *Secretary*.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sunday, April 26th, 1885, our beloved brother, Rev. E. J. Gerry, passed on to the higher life. Thursday, April 30, impressive funeral services were held in the First Parish Church at Cambridge, Rev. Dr. Bartol and Rev. E. H. Hall officiating, a large number of friends, brother ministers, and earnest, devoted men and women connected with the Ministry-at-large, attesting by their presence their esteem and love for our brother, and their heart-felt appreciation of his faithful Christian labors. At the conclusion of the services, the earthly form was taken to Leominster, our brother's native place.

The salient points of Mr. Gerry's life, and the characteristic features of his spirit and of his labors, have been presented in several papers, with especial earnestness and distinctness, in a beautiful article in the *Somerville Journal*, written by one who knew him intimately, and whose love for him was as warm, as his knowledge of him and of his work was thorough.

Our brother was born April 21, 1820, in Leominster, Mass., where his childhood and youth were passed. He was educated at Westford Academy, and, in his diligent use of the opportunities afforded in that admirable institution, showed the conscientious fidelity that marked his whole career. He studied theology and prepared for the ministry at Lowell, Mass., with Rev. H. A. Miles, D. D., for his religious friend and instructor.

He was ordained in 1843, at Athol, Mass., and offici-

ated there for a year, when he was called to Standish, Me., where he was pastor for seven years, his ministry ending in 1853.

For the next five years he labored very earnestly and effectively in New York and Brooklyn, among the poor and the neglected, first being associated with Mr. Brace in the Children's Aid Society, of the former city, and then becoming superintendent of the Truants' Home in the latter. In 1858 he was invited by the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches in Boston to enter the Ministry-at-large, and to take charge of the Hanover Street Chapel. He accepted the invitation gladly. The work offered was especially attractive to his loving, sympathetic heart; and he appreciated the privilege and honor of close connection with this noble instrumentality, for privilege and honor any true-hearted man must esteem it. In nothing has Unitarian Christianity found finer expression, more Christlike and humane manifestation, in nothing has it proved more vital and vitalizing, more productive of best and most enduring influences and results, than in the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches and its cherished Ministry-at-large.

For twenty-five years Brother Gerry labored in this ministry, earnestly, faithfully, lovingly. He went into the Chapel and into the homes directly or indirectly connected with it, in sympathy and love, doing his work quietly and unostentatiously, in sweet patience and kindly persistency, seeking to rescue the imperilled, to find employment for the needy, to strengthen the weak, to raise the fallen, to comfort the sorrowing, to cheer the depressed, to save the lost, and doing it all so tenderly and feelingly that many a grateful heart, forgetting all official designations, was prompted to speak of him and

to speak to him as "Father Gerry." And when, in 1883, he closed his quarter century of service, and sent in his resignation, the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches cordially expressed in fitting resolutions, "their grateful appreciation of his faithful and devoted labors as minister of the Hanover Street Chapel, for a period of more than twenty-five years, and their warm recognition of the good work which he has done during that period among the poor of his charge." These "resolutions" are all the more significant and emphatic, that one of the excellent committee by whom they were presented has from the beginning been one of the staunchest friends of the Fraternity, a strong pillar in seasons of trial and perplexity, and who, now in his seventy-fourth year, is as regularly present in his place in the Howard Sunday-school, and as faithful to his class of young men, as he was fifty-two years ago.*

Brother Gerry loved the Monday Club. He valued highly the fellowship of the brethren, and enjoyed thoroughly the full, frank opening of mind and heart, characteristic of the club, by which its members are brought very near to one another and made mutually helpful. He was with us, as was his wont, on Monday, April 20. Before the next Monday he was called to the spiritual world, there to meet other brethren, and to unite with them in the grateful, filial, and fraternal services, and the beneficent activities of heaven. His departure was sudden, with little or no premonition, but not without preparation; for, as by the help of God, he was always faithful, he was always ready. When the death angel, say rather the life angel, comes thus unexpectedly, the transition to loving friends and clinging relatives is

* The above refers to the late Mr. Charles Faulkner, of Boston.

startling and painful; but to him who goes, and who has so lived, that the gladdening "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord" is sure to greet him, it is euthanasia.

For his devoted and mourning family, our truest, tenderest sympathy, and for them and for us the hope and the prayer that all of life's service may be more earnest and efficient, and all intercommunion of mind and heart may be the more real and the more helpful because of his precious and fragrant memory.

BOSTON, May 22, 1885.

DEAR MRS. GERRY:

At a meeting of the Ministers-at-Large in Boston and vicinity, held at Bulfinch Place Chapel since the decease of your highly esteemed and beloved husband, I was directed to express to you, by letter, their profound and tender sympathy in the great bereavement which has come to you and your household. Long associated with him in the same department of Christian effort and usefulness, they ever found him a kind and pleasant companion, a wise and helpful counsellor, a true and faithful friend, an earnest and devoted laborer in the vineyard of the Master, cherishing a profound regard for his high character and moral worth, and feeling in their hearts a sincere love for him, they are touched with a lively sense of personal loss at his sudden removal from the scenes of earth and time, and mourn with you and your dear children the afflictive event. Their memory of him will be ever sweet and precious, as their sympathy and kind wishes for you and yours are deep and heartfelt. May God, our Heavenly Father, bless you and yours, and grant you all the strength and conso-

lation needed in this trying hour, enabling you to bear the burden of your great sorrow with resignation and patient trust, and to look forward with a cheering and sustaining hope to a blissful reunion with the "loved but not lost" in some other mansion of the Father's house, where tears are wiped away from all faces, and where partings come no more, to fond and faithful souls forever.

Sincerely yours in behalf of the Brethren,

WM. S. HEYWOOD.

BOSTON, May 9.

MY DEAR MRS. GERRY:

My thoughts have been much with you since the death of your good husband, but I would not earlier intrude upon your great sorrow. There is no one to whose excellence of character I could bear such warm and willing testimony as to his. I have known him now for a quarter of a century, and with ever increasing regard and respect. He was one of the best ministers and men I have ever known — so true, so faithful, so patient and persevering in every good work, with a judgment so profound, and a heart so full of tender sympathy, that never was there a call made upon it of whatsoever kind, from whatsoever quarter, that it did not meet with a full and ready response. He had all the unobtrusiveness too which belongs to true merit. The kingdom of heaven announced to the "poor in spirit" is his, and he sees God now in fullest vision, because he was "pure in heart." He may truly claim now all the Beatitudes, for he himself was a man of the Beatitudes. I seem to hear the "well done" pronounced by his blessed Lord, whom

he so faithfully served, saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

I was much gratified, as you all must have been, at the large number present at the funeral services, some coming from a considerable distance, and all in fullest sympathy, showing how loving and precious his memory was, and how large the void was left to be filled.

I hope your health is better, and that you feel the everlasting arms beneath you. I trust you will feel more and more the presence of the Unseen, and how very thin is the veil that separates from the dear ones passed on, and now bending over us so tenderly and lovingly, from their more bright and beautiful mansion in the same Father's House.

"He giveth his angels charge over us," and must not those angels be first those, the dearest ones, who have gone up from our own earthly homes? If they go away they will come again.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL B. CRUFT.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. GERRY:

I heard with deep regret of the death of your esteemed husband, and I recall his labors in our Society with great satisfaction. He became a visitor among the poor for the Children's Aid Society very early, I think in 1853. His district was among the poorest and lowest in the city, the 4th Ward, especially in Cherry and Water

streets. Streets where it is said more murders are committed than on any similar space of ground in the United States, and so over-crowded that one infamous house alone has lodged over 1500 people. Here this devoted missionary, friend of man, spent years in visiting from hovel to hovel, and from one garret and cellar to another. His great object was to find the miserable little girls, who could be brought to our Fourth Ward Industrial School, and homeless boys, who could be sent to homes in the country. He sympathized with, counselled, aided, and especially provided work thus for many hundreds of poor girls and boys.

Many hundreds of these youths were started in good courses and placed in kind homes through his instrumentality. Most of the children were the offspring of drunkards, and growing up amid brothels and liquor shops, and yet it was found that very few, as they matured, followed the evil courses of their parents. They began industrious and moral ways of life, and the most of them have done fairly well in the world. The great improvement manifested in the Fourth Ward during many years, was largely due to Mr. Gerry's instrumentality. He was known everywhere in that quarter as the friend of the poor and helpless, and when he was called away to other fields of work, it was with the regret and respect of all the trustees and friends of this Society.

Mr. Gerry's doctrinal views on points of theology were probably different from those of many engaged with him, but that did not in the least prevent their hearty co-operation in labors of Christian charity.

I can well understand, dear Madam, that all who have known him personally or in his work, feel deeply the great loss which you and the country have sustained

in his death. Believe me, with strong sympathies,

Yours very cordially,

CHARLES L. BRACE.

LOWELL, April 28, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. GERRY:

It was with profound sorrow that we read of the death of your excellent and most highly esteemed husband. Be assured that you have our deepest sympathy in this your great affliction, which is all the harder to bear because of its very sudden and unexpected character. And the sympathy we bear you, we also feel for your dear children, who all loved their father.

Mr. Gerry was a man universally esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, and deservedly so. His high sense of honor, his unswerving integrity, his cool judgment and well-balanced mind, were marked traits of his character, and always secured for him a thoughtful hearing among his brethren.

May the kind Father draw near to you and yours in your sad bereavement, and bless and comfort you as he *only* can.

Yours kindly and truly as ever,

H. C. DUGANNE.

MANCHESTER, Mass., May 5, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND:

Yes, I knew, perhaps as well as any one out of his family, your husband's pure soul and devoted life. When one work is finished, an active mind longs for another. Is he not gratified with some new Mission?

Ever yours,

C. A. BARTOL.

REV. SAMUEL^LH. WINKLEY.

A loved one said, "The Lord wants but one of my kind; but he does desire that one, both for my sake and for that of the little world which I call my own. Therefore must I seek not to ape another but for the fullest self-development." Our friend was one whom God desired to have, and whom the world needed. He sought, both for his world's sake and in gratitude to Him who created him, to be the best of that kind. He was a Unitarian; but he was a decidedly conservative one. He did not object to the light let in, by the great increase of knowledge in these latter days, either Biblical or scientific; but he did protest against anything which would disturb the influence of those views which he deemed sacred, and which had wrought so profitably for himself and in his work. This will find illustration for all those who remember the part which he took in the discussion which followed the publication of Tyndall's prayer test. He was, nevertheless, in his quiet way, a reformer. His whole soul went out in the cause of temperance, and in the advocacy of every moral virtue without being known as a special worker through any organized method. He was very social; fond, not only of festive occasions, but of all opportunities to meet those who were interested in discussing matters of moral and spiritual import which lay so near to his heart. He was a faithful Free Mason; delighting in the fraternal relation of the Lodge. He was very conscientious. If, in any distribution of money for charitable purposes, he by mistake got a few cents more than his rightful share, he would at once go far out of his way to have the matter rectified. If he were asked to co-operate with any charitable association which he deemed inharmonious with his work, it disturbed him

until he had thoroughly discussed the matter, and had made sure both that it was his duty to decline, as well as of the Christian manner of so doing. He entered into the wants of those many families intrusted to his care with the affection of a father. The very name, "Father Gerry" came from their lips with an expression such only as genuine gratitude and affection could awaken. Never will his image fade from the hearts who loved to welcome him to their homes as a sympathizer, instructor and well beloved pastor. None who were at his funeral and saw that silent face abundantly sprinkled with the tears of those who looked upon it for the last time, can doubt this. God, indeed, wanted one of his kind. He desired him to be just his best self. What he has written through word and deed upon the hearts of mortals, which is known and read of men and of angels, bears abundant witness that he did not live in vain. Other clergymen, but especially Ministers at Large, retain, through faith, their grasp of his fraternal hand, and deem heaven all the more attractive for his being there.

REV. JOSEPH E. BARRY.

I became acquainted with Rev. Edwin J. Gerry when he was in Standish, Maine. I was at that time in the *Christian Register* office. When he first entered upon his duties as Minister-at-Large, I often met him in our various walks, and always felt that I was a better man by mingling with him. A few days ago one of his old parishioners called to see me, and in conversation, not knowing that I was a friend of his, spoke of him with tears in her eyes. If, after my life-work is finished,

there are those who can give me such a tribute as this woman gave Mr. Gerry, I want nothing better said of me. I have felt lonely since he left us. I can say of him that I loved him as a brother. He was my counsellor and dear friend. He loved the poor, and did much towards elevating, blessing, and bringing to the kingdom of God, many men. Memory, with it busy throng, comes to me. As I think of Mr. Gerry, though dead, he yet speaketh. Blessed servant of Christ, thou hast accomplished thy work. He was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame; he caused the sad heart to sing for joy; peace to his memory.

REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D.

I knew Mr. Gerry for many years, and am glad to bear my unqualified testimony to his thorough excellence as a Christian man; his universal consecration to his work as a minister and a missionary, and the loving spirit, like that of his Lord and Master, in which he went about doing good. I have witnessed repeatedly the tokens of the confidence and affection of those under his spiritual charge. He seemed to me to have, with the grace of God in his heart, the knowledge of common things and the practical wisdom which are essential qualifications of a successful Minister-at-Large.

REV. J. T. G. NICHOLS, D.D.

My acquaintance with Mr. Gerry dates from his settlement in Standish, where I learned to respect and honor him as a modest, earnest and devoted minister of the gospel. Though I saw comparatively little of him after-

wards, all that I witnessed and heard of his work in his new fields of labor, convinced me that he was still doing noble service in his Master's vineyard. He labored faithfully at the foundations of social order, plenty, and rectitude. Unambitious of earthly distinctions, he followed Jesus gladly, in the highways and byways of human destitution and need. He took in his arms the children who, else by their cruel surroundings, and even in many instances by their parents, were forbidden access to the Saviour.

I think of him as one who, taking his place "in the lowest rooms," has been "called by the Master of the house to go up higher," is enjoying the enviable blessing of the poor, and the everlasting gratitude of the young—the multitudes of little ones whom he has saved from a polluted womanhood and manhood to Christian faith and virtue; a good and faithful servant, who has entered into the joy of his Lord.

REV. B. R. BULKELEY.

A very simple, yet suggestive, picture, is before me now, as I offer a brief word in regard to Mr. Gerry. A little boy or girl comes to him, after the Sunday school in Hanover Street Chapel, and asks him, it may be, for a pair of shoes. I suppose that was but the type of hundreds of cases, in which the children and adults more or less under his care looked to him for some of the common resources of comfort. He must have seemed like a father to many of the younger ones; and there is something very touching, as I look back upon the time, in this relationship to their minister in which their physical needs placed them. His was a real part of the Master's

work. How the humble minister must have longed to do more for his people in outward assistance! Yes, and how he must have longed to find the hungry souls about him, often apparently unconscious of more than bodily needs! In the spirit of service he was eyes to the blind and feet was he to the lame. He "went about doing good." In an unambitious, unpretentious ministry, he labored in the presence of many difficulties in the noblest of callings. Such work must always have the blessing of God.

DR. GEORGE H. NICHOLS.

I well remember Mr. Gerry's coming to Stan-
dish as pastor of our church in that town. In a way
peculiar to himself he was constantly and tirelessly
occupied in good works. His influence was, perhaps,
more marked in his daily walk and Christian deport-
ment, in his personal private contact, in the respect his
presence inspired, than in his weekly ministrations, ex-
cellent and instructive as they were. In active, efficient
hard work he was not wanting; to his persistent and
seemingly visionary efforts, the town was indebted for
an endowed Academy, with Mr. Thomas H. Talbot, of
the Law School, and Mr. George Richardson, of the
Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., as teachers, and the
church for an organ and a bell. The funds for this pur-
pose were given by the societies of Portsmouth, Saco,
Kennebunk, and other friends interested. He literally
"went about doing good." Of his services as mission-
ary in New York, in which I felt a warm interest, the
most flattering reports were made by old friends who
closely watched his ministrations in that city. A long

and intimate personal acquaintance convinced me that his services in Boston were of deep and lasting benefit to those under his charge, rendered for the most part in his peculiar private, impressive style, for which he was so remarkable. All who were connected with his Chapel, or who came within the sphere of his influence, will never cease to bless his memory. Having closely followed his career, from his ordination to his death, I am not writing a mere eulogy, but the real impression made upon my mind.

REV. HENRY W. FOOTE.

Mr. Gerry was one of my oldest and kindest friends in the ministry. The first time I preached in Boston was in his pulpit, in Hanover Street, and through all these years his friendship has been constant, faithful, and full of the traits of goodness, which marked his character. He was as true and good a man as I have known, and in my association with him in the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches I knew him well indeed. It is delightful to me now to think of him, not only then, as he "went about doing good," like his Master, but as I saw him constantly at our Wednesday noon meetings, renewing the tie of sympathy and fellowship, which was never broken.

REV. EDWARD H. HALL.

My acquaintance with Rev. Edwin J. Gerry was limited almost entirely to the period after his resignation, while he was living in Cambridge. It was a great pleasure to meet him then, and I learned to appreciate his entire devotion to the calling, to which he had consecrated so

many years. His heart seemed as much in his Boston ministry, at that time, as if he had been still actively engaged in it. It had evidently been a passion with him, and it was very hard for him to content himself without some participation in the work so dear to him. There is no better test of a minister's better nature than to live in comparative inaction, while still feeling one self equal to the old tasks, and as much attracted as ever to the old duties; and no one could have borne this test with finer spirit than Mr. Gerry. His cheerfulness and equanimity were always undisturbed, while his interest in all that others were doing, and unfailing sympathy with the progress of his old calling, in which he could no longer share, won my hearty respect. I congratulated myself on having him for a semi-parishioner, and learned from him more lessons of earnestness and devotion than he ever knew. I shall always prize my brief connection with him, and I take great pleasure now in offering this testimonial to the beauty of his later years.

BOSTON, April 21, 1880.

MY DEAR BROTHER GERRY:

I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you to night, but our quarterly meeting insists on being held this very evening, and I must be there. But I send you my cordial congratulations, that the sixtieth anniversary of your birth finds you hale and hearty in the good work, to which you have given more than twenty of the best years of your life. Your five years' training in a kindred ministry in New York city was a fitting preparation for the duties which waited for you here; and the earnestness and patience with which you have labored, under many

difficulties, show how hand and heart have been working together in the noiseless but blessed ministry to which you have been devoted. Each of the four free churches, so generously sustained by the "Benevolent Fraternity," has taken on, very naturally, a certain character peculiar to itself, to meet the demands of its location and surroundings; but it has always seemed to me that none retained so much of the original Tuckerman idea of a house to house ministry as yours.

Of the countless homes comforted by your long and faithful ministry to body and soul, of the many hearts cheered in misfortune and grief, and by the helping hand and kind word going together, armed with fresh courage, and guided in the upward way, of *this*, and the multiform, and ever varying ministeries, of which this only hints, there is, and can be, no record, save in the great unwritten book of remembrance, in which no "cup of cold water" is ever omitted.

May the dear God give you strength for as many more years of faithful service in the work you love, as you desire, and crown all your labors with his benediction.

Your true friend and fellow-worker,

W. P. TILDEN.

LOWELL, April 20, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER GERRY:

I am exceedingly sorry that the previous engagements of this week with me, prevent my joining in the commemoration of your birthday—the sixtieth. I think you can look back on a life usefully spent. In Lowell, New York and Boston, you have actively, diligently, faithfully done the work you were made to do, and the Master set

you to do. "Well done, good and faithful servant." Sweet music be your reflections on the past. None other but hearty and sincere congratulations from friends will now greet you. Accept mine, near and tender and joyous, when I think how deserving you are of love and respect, and all good wishes for the time to come. As I cannot forget, I cheerfully bear testimony, to the sympathy, the whole-hearted interest, and efficient, tireless labors of her who has not only been always by your side, but an impulse, an encouragement, an inspiring power to good words and works. There is one crown for the two, in the highest sense one.

Ever truly yours,

HORATIO WOOD.

DEAR BROTHER GERRY:

I am bound to hold forth in Hanover Street Chapel next Sunday evening. That is the bond, but what is the fulfilment thereof? You said something about preaching about Christ. Being his ministers, we can't very well do anything else. But what precise point? I have a sermon on the text, "There is *one* mediator between God and men — the man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all." The object being to show how Christ is the one mediator, and show he fulfils or discharges his mediatorial work.

Very sincerely your friend and brother,

S. K. LOTHROP.

December 26th, 1879.

A service of twenty-five years in missionary labor is a quarter of a century of noble humanitarian devotion. I congratulate you on the record; it is a crown of honor. Were

I writing as a friend in the freedom of a personal letter entirely, I should suggest that a retirement at this juncture is a happy opportunity. No one can expect to continue such a work indefinitely; it is not possible for any man, however talented or strong, to do it. The hour comes at last for withdrawal. Here, with you, is the rounding out of a definite term, and you can retire with the consciousness of a long, creditable career.

Most sincerely,

E. A. HORTON,

TO REV. J. GERRY.

For the Executive Board.

THE MINISTRY-AT-LARGE.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY BY REV. O. C. EVERETT.

READ BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION OF THE MINISTRY-AT-LARGE, NOV.
17, 1868, AND PRINTED BY REQUEST OF THE ASSOCIATION.

* * * * *

The Ministry-at-Large originally contemplated a ministration of sympathy and charity from house to house in private. Occasionally it gathered small numbers in a neighborhood and preached to them. The experiences of many inconveniences led to the building of Friend street chapel first, with Warren street, Pitts street, and Suffolk street chapels afterwards. These humble buildings were devoted to stated services on the Sabbath, to other uses throughout the week. Various causes had produced a separation of large numbers from the established places of worship, and there seemed no other way to supply the want than this of small chapels. The associations of the old house of prayer and the habits of worshippers forbade the removal of a stone to enlarge and in that way to accommodate the unchurched throng. Hence the chapel was erected, and here the friends of the ministry, the co-workers in the Master's cause, were accustomed to meet with those not favored as themselves, and the enterprise prospered. So great was the success of the

movement that it was soon found advisable and necessary to extend this ministry to all parts of the city. The interest was not confined to the poor, but felt and exhibited by all engaged; then rich and poor, neighbors and strangers, gathered in one place, and united in prayer and praise. There was a mingling of teachers and taught, of the favored benefactors, and the dependent beneficiaries. There was a mutual sympathy, a lively co-operation, a true fellowship of disciples of our Lord and Master. This was the charm of the enterprise, the secret of its success.

* * * * *

This ministry cannot be judged only, or chiefly, by its public ministration. For a great portion of time must be daily spent in private intercourse, in the expression of sympathy, in the giving of counsel in family matters, in aiding to find positions of usefulness for children, in procuring or maintaining rights which the strong so often in their selfishness or covetousness defraud or take away; to say nothing of the time given to the thousand-and-one applicants for aid, of the constant watchfulness to separate the honest from the dishonest, to expose imposition, to prevent misguided charity, so that virtuous poverty may stand against impudent pauperism.

This ministry may point with just pride to *public measures*, which have been introduced, whereby Charity, that heavenly daughter of the Gospel, has been enabled to dispense her good will and bounty more wisely and effectually, so that while vice has been exposed and restrained, virtue has been sustained and her blessings extended. It was the ministry under Tuckerman, Gray and Barnard which introduced the measures for the prevention of pauperism, by organizing the several charita-

ble societies in Boston. That first society for the prevention of pauperism threw such light upon the ways of the vicious and exposed the wrongs of imposition, that ever afterwards the greater caution has been exercised, wherever any new effort, or plan of amelioration has been attempted in our State.

* * * * *

But it is not alone the schools and homes and institutions which have sprung up wherever this ministry has been established that witness to its power and success, but the more considerate, tender, fraternal feeling awakened throughout the community towards the poor, the neglected and the erring. There is a deeper tone of sympathy, a more judicious expression of good will, at the same time a larger dispensation of charity. The Ministry-at-Large has never been sectarian, or narrow in its labors. While, of course, its administration of sympathy and charity has been chiefly devoted to those immediately connected with it, it has never been confined in its operations, so far as it had the necessary means. It has ever cherished the largest tolerance of religious opinions, only demanding fidelity to what seemed good and true. It has softened asperities which are apt to be excited by over zeal for peculiar tenets. It has taught freedom of thought and expression, when it enjoined, "Search the Scriptures," and allowed to others all it claimed for itself. It has unmasked hypocrisy, exposed dogmatism, and demanded simplicity of life and sincerity of character. It has endeavored to put down opposition and overcome prejudices by works of love and fidelity. It has exhibited its Christian faith by its Christian work. It has shown its love to God by its love to man, and honored Christ by following his example, going about teaching and "doing

good." It will not be presumptuous to say that it has been a true exhibition of the need and the value of the Gospel of Christ; a manifestation of the Son, even as he manifested the Father; a co-worker with the Father and the Son. He that has seen the Ministry-at-Large, has seen what the disciples of John saw, and returned to declare to their Master, "how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and to the poor the gospel is preached." Blessed is he who shall not be offended in such a ministry! More blessed, if he will go and declare how great things the Lord hath done. The ignorant are enlightened, the weak are strengthened, the sick are comforted and cured, the indifferent are aroused, the sinful, dead in sin, are restored to virtue, and the poor, as well as the rich, have the gospel preached unto them.

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EXTRACT FROM

REV. EDWIN J. GERRY'S REPORT, 1883.

To the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches.

GENTLEMEN, — As, in accordance with a requirement of your By-laws, I sit down to write the Annual Report of my labors the past year, in connection with the Hanover Street Chapel, I am reminded that this is my twenty-fifth Annual Report, and that I have reached a very important mile-stone in connection with the work in which I am engaged. My feelings at the near completion of a quarter of a century, as your Minister-at-Large at the North End, are pre-eminently those of gratitude, for many reasons.

First, that I was enabled to become the successor of so worthy a minister as the late Rev. W. G. Scandlin. Second, that I was employed by the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, whose wise, earnest, and generous methods for improving the condition of the poor in this city, have called forth only words of praise from all who have made themselves familiar with their doings. Third, that I have been the recipient of so much sympathy and unvarying kindness from the supporters of the Ministry-at-Large. Fourth, that my health has been such that my work has seldom been interrupted by sickness during the many years that have passed.

For the daily details of a work like this, among the poor, the largest part cannot be reported, and much must be taken upon trust. As I take a retrospective glance over my field of labor, I can but be gratified in being permitted to see so many good results that have followed my labors; and while I could wish for more satisfactory results, still I am grateful to God for the feeling that I have been not altogether an unprofitable servant in this part of the Lord's Vineyard. But whatever may have been the results that have followed my work in the field which I have so long occupied, the best efforts of my life have been given to it, with the earnest hope that God would bless and render fruitful these labors, to improve the physical and religious condition of the unfortunate.

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EXTRACT FROM
MR. J. C. JAYNES'S REPORT.

To the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches.

GENTLEMEN, — I herewith submit my report of the Hanover Street Mission Sunday School, for the season beginning September 1, and closing April 8. Our school began its first session of the year with a very hopeful attendance of 72 pupils and 7 teachers.

This number gradually increased until, on the Sunday immediately preceding Christmas, our membership was 162—the highest figure reached during the year. The lowest number enrolled was 80. The average attendance for the whole year was 113; from November 1 to date, 126. This shows a considerable advance over former years, and indicates that the influence and usefulness of the school are gradually increasing.

The school is divided into 18 classes, one of which is composed of adults under the instruction of Rev. Mr. Gerry. There is one class of young ladies, and another of young men. Four classes comprise girls between the ages of 12 and 16; and there are four others of boys, averaging about 12 years of age. The rest of the school is made up of younger children, including two large infant classes.

Our teachers have been uniformly prompt and faith-

ful. Although often suffering much inconvenience, they have cheerfully given their time and strength to the school, and have patiently and hopefully labored, when patience was the most difficult of virtues and hope was long deferred. Whatever progress the school has made during the year is almost wholly due, not only to their hearty co-operation in the school work, but also to their individual helpfulness in visiting their pupils at their homes, and manifesting a personal interest in their welfare. The misfortune is that more of such teachers cannot be secured. The usefulness of the school has been seriously limited, because more teachers could not be found.

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On Easter Sunday we held a service consisting of addresses by Rev. Mr. Gerry and the superintendent, and carols by the school, under the leadership of Mr. Hayden. We gratefully acknowledge the gift of 150 bouquets and floral decorations, presented on this occasion by friends, in memory of Rev. J. F. W. Ware, whose deep interest in this school is remembered by all,

I am under great obligations to the pastor, Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, for many valuable suggestions drawn from his long experience in the mission field. He has been with us every Sunday during the year, assisting in the closing exercises, conducting the singing, and instructing the largest class in the school.

While many discouragements are inevitable in a work when the materials are so refractory, yet the successes are sufficiently in the majority to justify the belief that the school is a power for good in this locality.

Respectfully submitted,

J. C. JAYNES, *Superintendent.*

Boston, April 10, 1883.

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